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JULY 19, 1971

TIME

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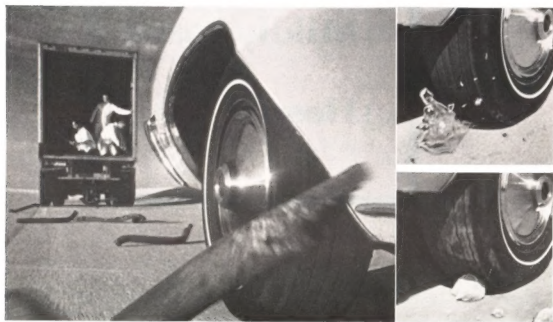


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LETTERS

The Monkey-Wrench Man

Sir: I nominate Daniel Ellsberg for Man of the Year for throwing the monkey wrench into that perpetual-motion machine, Viet Nam.

M.T. IVES
Philadelphia

Sir: The age-old conflict between the laws of God and the laws of man was obviously warring within Daniel Ellsberg. By following the dictates of his conscience, he has performed an invaluable service to the citizens of this country. The exposure of the unbelievably inept handling of an inexcusable war can have only positive long-term effects.

JILL WESTCOTT
Harper Woods, Mich.

Sir: You report that Daniel Ellsberg "is particularly scornful of the [Viet Nam] war's apologists, such as Arthur Schlesinger and Richard Goodwin."

"Apologists" seems a curious word in view of the fact that both Mr. Goodwin and I published books exposing and condemning escalation in Viet Nam (*Triumph or Tragedy: Reflections on Vietnam and The Bitter Heritage: Vietnam and American Democracy*) at a time when Mr. Ellsberg was in there helping the war machine. I am glad that he has come over to our side, but his alleged scorn for those who saw the point long before he did seems singularly ungracious.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.
New York City

Sir: You said that Henry Kissinger was more brilliant than Walt Rostow or McGeorge Bundy. What we have learned from the publication of the papers is the futility of intellectual brilliance in government, its assistance to stupidity. Neither through systems analysis nor social or technological science can we manipulate a world of men. As George Ball's testimony indicates, what is necessary is more human understanding, which transcends intelligence—an understanding permeated with self-scrutiny and humility.

MARY K. VAUGHAN
Mexico City

Sir: Why call it the "secret" war? The traditions, cultures, economics and politics of Southeast Asia were on record long before the U.S. became involved there.

Our military and the State Department should have been expected to misrepresent their intentions, but the public has nevertheless been well-informed of events over the past ten years. How can we claim ignorance as our excuse?

MADELINE PARKS
Waianae, Hawaii

Sir: The Constitution makes no guarantee that the free press will always be right—only that it will always be free.

PHILIP SCHACCA
West Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir: If the New York Times has the right to accept stolen secret Government material and make the decision to print it, then will we progress to government by the New York Times rather than by elected officials?

I would prefer to trust the judgment of elected officials. We can vote for a new President, for new Congressmen. How

do we vote to get new management for the New York Times? No one can have freedom without responsibility.

JIM ETHRIDGE
Houston

Fever and Flavor

Sir: TIME caught the fever and the flavor. The story on the Jesus revolution [June 21] was exciting, and some of us who are past the age of the Now Generation have been swept along too. First century Christianity is being revived—right here in secular city.

CAROLE CARLSON
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sir: "The New Rebel Cry: Jesus Is Coming!" is an excellent summary of a most significant religious movement.

I hope we of the Establishment do not turn our backs on this movement and the opportunity it presents.

(THE VERY REV.) BENJAMIN V. LAVEY
Dean of the Episcopal Cathedral
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir: Your article chronicles very skillfully the fact that the most basic needs of man simply are not met by the counterfeit mechanisms which he substitutes for the cloth. You have made a distinct contribution to the effort to understand what's happening now in the American spirit.

WALLACE B. HENLEY
Fairfax, Va.

Sir: The new movement apparently has little to offer those devastated by poverty and the victims of oppression and racism

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beyond an ecstatic trip. If it continues to rely on emotionalism and catch phrases while avoiding the demands of compassion and involvement, the whole enterprise will run out of steam and a *raison d'être*. This will leave the converts drained and embittered when they discover that a promised shortcut to meaning only led to a dead end.

T.M. BENSON
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir: "Would Jesus carry a draft card?" Carry the thought a little further: Would Jesus chew bubble gum?

ROLAND K. MCCORMICK
Shelburne County, N.S.

Liberty, Death and Punctuality

Sir: I think Gerald Clarke's Essay, "In (Slight) Praise of Tardiness" [June 28], should not be misunderstood. The subject of tardiness should be treated humorously not seriously.

Try thinking of a world without time. How could speed records be tabulated if it were not for split-second timing? Where would a navigator be without an accurate chronometer? As for me, give me liberty or give me death, but give me punctuality, not tardiness.

KARL F. LUEDER
Chapala, Mexico

Sir: In his novel *The Life of Klim Samgin*, Maxim Gorky says about his hero: "He arrived always with the punctuality of an unemployed idler."

SIMON WEINBERG
Tel Aviv

Sir:
*The early bird may catch the worm,
Or so we've all been taught;
If this be so, it follows that
The early worm gets caught.*

FREDERICK TOMKINS JR.
Highlands, N.J.

Sir: In Mexico, it is a common use to interpret p.m. not as post meridiem but rather as *puntualidad Mexicana*, which means one or two hours after the stated time.

NEY VILLAMIL
Mexico City

Better Off Extinct

Sir: After reading your saddening article concerning the inhuman visitors to the Detroit Zoo [June 28] I can't help but think that most species of animals, birds and

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fish might just be better off extinct. No matter how fierce or deadly they are, their ferocity and deadliness will never approach that of humans. On second thought, perhaps it would be better if mankind were extinct.

JACQUELINE SHEINFELD
Framingham, Mass.

Leaning Over Backward

Sir: Jackie's act of leaning over backward to put on a good front [June 28] appears to have fallen flat.

(MRS.) MARION G. KRUESI
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

Sir: The poor choice of dress by Jacqueline Onassis was equally matched by your bad taste in choosing to publish it. TIME seems to have lost sight of the distinction between the public's right to know and its need to know.

HARVEY E. GOLDFINE
San Francisco

Between Things

Sir: Reader Dr. Gruskin should know [June 28] that you don't differentiate among things, however many there are; you differentiate between them, taking two at a time.

Your essayist's usage of *between* in "Down with Media" [June 7] was of course correct.

MARTIN MITCHELL
New York City

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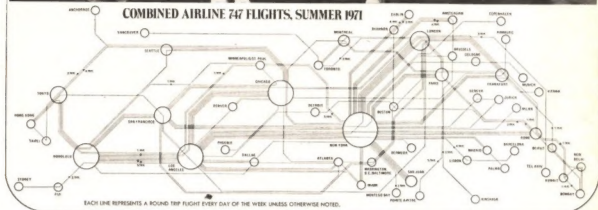


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THE KENNEDY FAMILY: PATSY, KERRY, RAY, MICHAEL, MAUREN, SUZY, RAYMIE, TIMOTHY, TIERNEY (BEFORE LITTLE PATSY'S BIRTH)

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

"I'm just your typical, over-the-hill jock," he insists. Yet typical is hardly the word to describe Ray Kennedy, TIME's Sport editor and author of this week's cover story on Lee Trevino, golf's new superstar.

A native Cincinnatian, Kennedy graduated from Notre Dame in 1955, was soon drafted and sent to Japan. An "entertainment specialist," he directed his Army buddies in such plays as *Inherit the Wind* and *Stalag 17* and after leaving the service, he joined a summer-stock cast of *Mr. Roberts*. Kennedy next appeared in Chicago as a real-life police reporter with the City News Bureau. "They would have paid me \$35 a week," he said, "but I had a college degree, so I got \$40."

In 1962 Kennedy joined TIME's Chicago bureau, later came to New York to become one of our most prolific "entertainment specialists," writing a dozen covers including those on rock 'n' roll, Rowan and Martin, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Frazier-Ali championship bout. Not long after he wrote our cover on television commercials, Kennedy, his wife Patsy and their eight children made a few commercials themselves.

Patsy now has a new extracurricular scheme. Accustomed to chauffeuring her kids to and from their West Side Manhattan apartment, she has applied to become a licensed cabbie as soon as her ninth child is born in December. Says Patsy: "I'm looking forward to the fun part of driving a taxi—bawling out the customers."

When Kennedy started writing Sport, he brought with him a lifelong obsession with competitive play. He was considered the TIME softball team's ace pitcher till the squad opened its ranks to women players. "I hung up my sneakers," says Kennedy, "because when it comes to soft-ball, I'm a real male chauvinist pig. Somehow I cannot see myself hook-slinging into a lovely second base."

The Cover: Concept and acrylic painting on golf club by Louis Glanzman, photographed by Robert Crandall.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 19, 1971 Vol. 98, No. 3

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Of the U.S. and Rome

Odd how Rome continues to spook the American imagination. Interventionists and cold war warriors invoke the ancient empire as an example of world order that the U.S. must help impose. On the other hand, Rome is also invoked by those who see the Decline of the West in every long-haired head and every puff of pot.

Speaking to Midwest news editors in Kansas City, President Nixon referred to federal buildings in Washington and said: "Sometimes when I see those pillars—in Greece, I think of seeing them also in the Forum in Rome—great stark pillars—and I have walked in both at night. I think of what happened to Greece and Rome, and you see what is left—only the pillars. What has happened, of course, is that great civilizations of the past, as they have become wealthy, as they have lost their will to live, to improve, they then have become subject to the decadence that eventually destroys the civilization. The United States is now reaching that period."

To be sure, Nixon quickly went on to express his confidence that the nation has the "vitality, courage and strength" to remain morally and spiritually healthy. Despite this upbeat note, the overall effect was one of instant Spenglerism.

JOYCE DUXEEN—THE NEW YORK TIMES



SHARON POOLE

Too often, a grim competition.

It was an odd allusion for an incumbent President who presumably must build a case for re-election. If there really is an inexorable process that dooms civilizations, can Richard Nixon—or any President—halt it? There are indeed a great many alarming symptoms in the U.S. that suggest loosening morals and declining will. But decadence is a big word, historical parallels are treacherous, and time frames too easily ignored. The decadence of Rome was proclaimed by many after the end of the Republic in 44 B.C. It took four centuries before the Visigoths sacked Rome in 410 A.D.

Parental Foul Balls

Neighborhood baseball was once a game that kids played with a borrowed mitt, perhaps, and often in tattered jeans and torn tennis shoes. It was one of America's summertime delights, pursued in high spirits. There might be a hassle or two over a bum call at first base, but a boy who dropped a pop fly suffered only the personal agony of embarrassment. Now, as highly organized Little League baseball, it is all too often a grim and tidily uniformed surrogate competition for adults, in which the stakes are parental egos and junior's gaffe becomes a family disgrace.

Residents of Haverhill, Mass., take the game so solemnly that the town was thrown into a tizzy when the coach of the local Rotary Club-sponsored team allowed Sharon Poole, a red-haired, freckle-faced girl of twelve, to don uniform No. 9 and fill a vacancy in the otherwise all-boys group. Batting cleanup, she drove in a run in her first game, went hitless in her second, and earned her teammates' respect with her agility in center field as the team won both games. But Coach Donald Sciuto kept getting complaints from parents about allowing Sharon to play.

The local league's coaches and managers met, decided she must quit, and that the two games in which she played must be erased from the records. Publicly, they clung to the technicality that Sharon had not properly tried out for the team and thus was ineligible to play, but privately they conceded that they did not want their sons competing with a girl. They also dismissed Sciuto as president of the league. Confused but not embittered by the fuss, Sharon said she had been treated "just like one of the boys" until the parents began "squawking." Said she: "I just wanted to play baseball."



AFTER FINALE AT FILLMORE WEST
Less communion in the sound.

Fading of a Fantasy

Some 500 hostile young people, many stoned and some flashing knives, rip up fences and storm a stage at the Newport Jazz Festival, silencing the music for nearly 40,000 listeners and causing officials to cancel a scheduled folk festival and a rock opera. The heroin death of one young man and the open drug dealing of others at a Detroit rock concert lead Michigan Governor William Milliken to demand the end of all such festivals in that state.

Rock shows are canceled in Hampton Beach, N.H., when youths try to break into a sold-out ballroom. Worried officials are vastly relieved when 55,000 enthusiasts of the Grand Funk Railroad fill New York's Shea Stadium—and only three injuries and six arrests result. After an estimated 1,280 concerts for 3,750,000 music enthusiasts over a period of nearly six years, Promoter Bill Graham closes his Fillmore West in San Francisco, just one week after shutting down Fillmore East in New York City.

Rock music, like jazz, has become a permanent part of American popular culture, and millions of young people will continue to enjoy it, not quietly but inoffensively. In the meantime, however, the more spectacular rock institutions are continuing to crumble. Among the chief reasons, apart from the infestation of drugs, is the fact that musicians and promoters have grown greedy. What with high admission prices and thousands jammed into tight, inadequately equipped spaces, the kids no longer feel that the music is theirs. Too much was expected of the Woodstock dream, of its unique communion in sound.

Promoter Graham laments the passing of a time when "all those wonderful kids came together to share a fantasy and exchange happiness." Fillmore West will soon be turned into a branch of Howard Johnson's.

The Gathering Climate of Negotiation

NOT since he became President had Richard Nixon made such extensive preparations for possible negotiations with Hanoi. He reached his office at the Western White House in San Clemente before 8 every morning last week. In a mood of quiet intensity, he conferred frequently with Secretary of State William Rogers, CIA Director Richard Helms and Alexander M. Haig, Deputy Assistant for National Security Affairs. Every phrase of the Communists' recent seven-point peace proposal, as well as a subsequent New York Times interview with Special North Vietnamese Envoy Le Duc Tho, was scrutinized for what it might reveal.

Cryptic Mission. At the same time the President received a steady flow of information from emissaries abroad. David Bruce, chief U.S. negotiator in Paris, kept him up to date on the peace talks. Henry Kissinger reported back from meetings in South Viet Nam, Thailand, India and Pakistan, and was scheduled to go to Paris at week's end. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird spent the week in Japan, where he stressed the fact that his hosts must assume a greater share of the defense burden in the Pacific once the U.S. withdraws from Viet Nam. This week he goes to South Korea to discuss the ramifications of withdrawal. Vice President Agnew was in Saudi Arabia, fourth stop on his 32-day, ten-nation itinerary. More cryptic about his mission, Agnew's purpose seems to be to reassure the friendly, if conservative, nations he visits that the U.S. was not slipping irretrievably leftward under the pressures of Viet Nam.

The new Communist moves are taken all the more seriously because of the

number of secret meetings with Hanoi that led up to them. For the past three months, Kissinger has demanded a vast amount of analysis from the National Security Council staff, the State Department and the CIA—the stuff of a major presidential review. Not coincidentally, Tho invited Kissinger to have a private chat with him in Paris. What Kissinger brings home to the President from that meeting may well be decisive.

Until it ties together these various diplomatic strands, the White House will not make a counterproposal to Hanoi. But the outline of one is beginning to emerge. If the prospects look favorable, Nixon is expected to go on TV in about two weeks and give the Communists a reply. He may agree to a linkage of a withdrawal date for American forces with the release of American prisoners or war—the major new proposal made by Hanoi in its seven-point program. Heretofore Hanoi had only agreed to discuss the prisoners after the U.S. set a withdrawal date. But he is likely to want all prisoners home before the withdrawals are completed, and to remain skeptical about the other points, which are largely restatements of Communist positions still considered unacceptable.

► The Communists want the U.S. to withdraw troops and equipment completely from South Viet Nam, while the President insists on maintaining a small advisory staff as well as continuing military aid.

► The North demands that the Thieu regime be dumped; the U.S. insists that only the South Vietnamese can change their government.

► The North Vietnamese have said that they are willing to observe a cease-fire

with departing American troops, but the U.S. favors a general cease-fire that will bring the war to an end.

► The Communists have made it clear that their offer is limited to South Viet Nam only, while Nixon wants an overall Indochina settlement.

► American P.O.W.s in Laos and Cambodia would not be included in the package and could still be used as pawns by the North Vietnamese.

Using the P.O.W.s. All these points could conceivably be negotiated, but the question is how much room the President will have in which to bargain. To date, the North Vietnamese have given away nothing; as they talk, they continue to send troops down the Ho Chi Minh Trail, despite 15 inches of rain in a week. As always, they estimate that time is on their side, that they will wear down a war-weary American public before they are forced to make any significant concessions. "It's ingenious," says a high-ranking American diplomat. "And it's all very cleverly done in a soft and so-reasonable sounding tone." The Hanoi proposal offers the American public what it most wants out of the war: the return of the prisoners.

In part the Administration has only itself to blame for its own predicament. In an effort to drum up support for his Viet Nam policies, Nixon was the first to tie the release of the P.O.W.s to U.S. withdrawal. The Communists in due course have cannily taken him up on it. "We dug our own grave," says a State Department analyst. "They're using the P.O.W.s to get everything else."

Nixon is now trying to steel the public to wait out negotiations. The President worries that the American reaction to

BUNKER & KISSINGER IN VIET NAM



AIRBORNE AGNEW CELEBRATING JULY 4 NEAR SINGAPORE



LAIRD ARRIVING IN TOKYO



the plan will stampede him to end the war on the least favorable terms. If South Viet Nam is quickly taken by the Communists after a too-hasty American withdrawal, he reasons, the U.S. public would become bitterly convinced that years of blood were spent in vain. In a briefing last week, Nixon stressed once again his two-track policy: Vietnamization as well as negotiation. He said that withdrawal must be accomplished in a way that "will contribute to a permanent and lasting peace rather than in a way that might increase the danger of another war." The wrong kind of withdrawal might also increase the danger of political warfare at home, in the Administration's view. If South Viet Nam falls to the Communists, declares a high-ranking official who is disturbed by the overemotional reaction to the Pentagon papers, "a new Joe McCarthyism would arise. It would clash with the McCarthyism of the New Left. There would be a long night of the soul."

Decent Interval. Perhaps so: no nation emerges from a war that has gone badly without serious scars. But then the American soul should also be greatly relieved by an end to the war. Years of uncertain, frustrating warfare may have given Americans a sense of realism and proportion about Viet Nam; its eventual fall to Communism could scarcely occasion the same kind of shock that the fall of China's Nationalist regime did. Even the Administration has privately conceded that the best it can hope for is not "saving" Saigon, but a decent interval in which South Viet Nam will have a chance to try to stand alone and work out an accommodation with Hanoi. In that event a persuasive case could emerge for a more conciliatory regime than that of President Thieu.

Fitting Up for the Primaries

In the heat of summer 1971, the New Hampshire snows of winter 1972 seem far off to most Americans. But not to the dozen or so men who would like to be President of the United States. With eight months to go before the primary sweepstakes open, hopefuls of both parties already are jockeying for position in the race to the White House.

During what should have been a routine Senate hearing on agriculture last week, Senator Hubert Humphrey found himself in the painful position of listening to George Wallace promise a rerun of 1968. While Humphrey stared grimly on, Wallace gave his most public declaration so far of his plans, noting that 1968 Democratic and American Independent Party candidates might "see each other again in 1972." Eugene McCarthy, the man who unbunged the Democratic Party in 1968, has made it clear to friends that he is ready to try again in '72, and a formal announcement is expected from him early this fall. Lines between Washington and New York hummed with rumors that Mayor John Lindsay would soon bolt the Republican Party, of which he is only a nominal member, and make a run for the Democratic presidential nomination.

Proliferation. The week ended with a challenge to President Nixon from within his own party. After months of publicly weighing the decision, Representative Pete McCloskey announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination. McCloskey will take his opposition to Administration Viet Nam policy into the primaries, as McCarthy did three years ago, in hopes of unseating the President.

As the candidates proliferate, so do the primaries. Legislatures from Alaska to Florida have voted to get their states into the primary business. Next year, presidential contenders will have at least 22 and possibly 24 state primaries to choose from in mapping campaign strategy v. 14 presidential primaries in 1968.

Icy Alaska. This sudden burgeoning has resulted in a status scramble that has brought hoosters out of the bushes in state after state. New Hampshire, traditionally the country's opening primary state, is having a hard time staying No. 1. First the Alaska legislature passed a bill authorizing a primary on the last Tuesday in February. This upstaged New Hampshire's second Tuesday in March, and the New Hampshire legislature telegraphed its displeasure to Alaska Governor William Egan. Winter in New Hampshire is one thing, but winter in Alaska quite another, as even Governor Egan admitted. In vetoing the primary bill, Egan fretted over the state's image: "Millions of Americans still think of our great state as being a land of perpetual ice and snow. Should this bill become law and Alaska be visited by snow blizzards on that February election day, an already erroneous and detrimental image would become even more firmly entrenched."

While the "icebox primary" was being vetoed, a state less bashful about its climate was planning a primary of its own. The Florida legislature enacted a primary bill, and much of the debate centered on a chamber of commerce theme. The contrast, Florida pols contended, between candidates shlepping through the snow in New Hampshire and shirtsleeve campaigning in Florida would be certain to help the sunshine state's tourism. Florida sought to add insult to injury by scheduling its vote for the same day as New Hampshire's.

Beleaguered New Hampshire officials tried a telegram protest again, but to no avail. So they moved their primary up a week. New Hampshire's irritation is rooted in more than tradition. National publicity and the huge sums spent by candidates can be economic adrenaline to a state. During the 1968 primary, candidates spent \$10 million in New Hampshire.

Too-High Cost. The increase in the number of primaries is both good and bad. A primary means a more democratic election of delegates to party conventions, and thus strips the professional politicians and their backroom supporters of some power. Half the country's eligible voters now live in states that hold primaries, and, in theory, at least, both parties' final candidates should represent the popular choice.

The trouble is that too many candidates coming out of too many primaries can lead to a convention vote that no one can win, once more throwing the nomination back to the will of

MCCLOSKEY URGING SANTA MONICA TEEN-AGERS TO REGISTER TO VOTE





HUMPHREY (LEFT) & WALLACE (RIGHT) AT SENATE HEARING
The painful prospect of once more with feeling.

the bosses and pros. An increase in the number of primaries also increases the already too-high cost of campaigning. The estimated cost of the 1968 primaries and conventions for both parties was \$45 million, a figure that will be far exceeded next year. Eugene McCarthy spent \$11 million in a campaign that was centered on the primaries. Robert Kennedy entered seven primaries in an eleven-week whirlwind campaign at an estimated cost of \$9 million. Richard Nixon managed to shake his loser image on the primary trail, but not before it cost his supporters between \$10 million and \$12 million.

National Democratic Chairman Lawrence O'Brien will meet this week with Democratic contenders in hopes of reaching a gentlemen's agreement to hold down primary costs. Senator Edmund Muskie, currently the front runner, has come out in favor of a spending ceiling, but candidates not as well known as the Democrats' former vice-presidential nominee are unlikely to accede.

Head-On Races. Despite the plethora of primaries to choose from in '72, a handful of contests remain most important. New Hampshire is particularly crucial to Muskie, who must win convincingly in his own backyard. Each candidate will need to carry one of the Midwestern states: Wisconsin is likely to be the major target. The Oregon primary is a key litmus. But most important is California; the winner there will carry the biggest delegate slate into the convention.

Muskie knows that, as a front runner, he must shoulder the burden of proof. Says one aide: "There's not a primary he ought not go into. We're going to set up as if we're going into all of them, and then in January we'll decide

the priorities and make up our minds which ones we'll concentrate on."

Those priorities will be largely determined by the inroads made by other candidates. Senator Birch Bayh is counting on a good showing in Florida, where he has been laying groundwork for months, and in California. Coupled with a native-son sweep in Indiana, wins in Florida and California might get him a chance at the nomination. George McGovern, the only announced Democrat, must cut deeply into Muskie's New Hampshire vote if he is to stay alive as a candidate; after that, he hopes for a win in Wisconsin to go along with a home-state victory in South Dakota.

Licking Chops. Other would-be candidates look to other contests. Senator Henry Jackson could do well in Southern primaries. Wilbur Mills could carry his home state, Arkansas, by a decisive margin. Senators Harold Hughes and Fred Harris wait with dwindling patience in the wings. Humphrey has not yet decided whether to enter the primaries; he bypassed that route in 1968 and still won the nomination. Says Humphrey: "I'm not salivating, but I'm occasionally licking my chops." Senator Edward Kennedy appears unlikely to enter the primaries; his backers hope for a deadlocked convention that will turn to him.

McCloskey, the lone Republican opposing President Nixon, is not faced with the puzzling choices of his Democratic counterparts. He will run in every primary for which he can raise support. Tiny (pop. 3,882) Randolph, Vermont, holds a presidential primary at a town meeting in early March. A McCloskey man observes: "You can shake every hand in Randolph in an hour and a half." McCloskey plans a campaign trip to Randolph later this month.

PENNSYLVANIA

Battle Over Bankruptcy

After being defeated in an earlier try for the governorship of Pennsylvania, Democrat Milton Shapp found a winning issue last fall. He charged the Republicans with being big spenders who had brought the state to the verge of bankruptcy. Elected in a landslide that gave the Democrats control of both houses of the legislature for the first time in 32 years, Shapp set out to put the state in financial order—only to find himself in a worse fix than the Republicans. By last week, Pennsylvania had edged even closer to bankruptcy. Shapp's administration was spending \$2,000,000 more each day than the state could afford.

It was scarcely all the Governor's fault. As soon as he was inaugurated, he pressured the legislature to enact a personal income tax to help pay Pennsylvania's mounting bills. Three predecessors in the job had tried and failed to get an income tax, but taking advantage of his Democratic majorities in both houses of the legislature, Shapp managed to push one through after little more than a month in office. It barely passed (only one Republican voted for it), but Shapp felt gratified that he had cleared his major hurdle.

Stopgap Measures. He had not reckoned with the State Supreme Court, six of whose seven judges are Republicans with a well-deserved reputation for judicial conservatism. In a 5-2 decision last month, the court ruled the income tax invalid. Because the tax was graduated, the majority held, it violated a provision in the state constitution requiring that "all taxes shall be uniform on the same class of subjects."

Courts in other states have declared that such a uniformity provision does not prohibit a graduated tax, and 33 states have graduated income taxes. But the Pennsylvania court took the narrowest interpretation. Granting that the state had financial problems, the court said, this "awareness cannot in any way enlarge or affect our limited constitutional role in this adjudication."

Since the decision was handed down, the Shapp administration has been scrambling desperately to stave off bankruptcy. It has resorted to various stopgap appropriation measures and to short-term borrowing. In the meantime, it has helplessly accumulated a debt of more than \$200 million. Shapp is not sure whether the government will have to refund the taxes it has collected to date or whether it can use them as credit toward some alternative tax that will be acceptable to the state court. Says the Governor's financial aide, Ed Simon: "We're right back where we started when we took office."

One of Ten. This prospect is not unpleasant to the state's Republicans, who are still smarting from Shapp's campaign oratory. They are also determined to trim his proposed \$3.3 billion bud-

get for fiscal year 1972. If he wants an alternative tax, they insist, he will have to slash his spending by some \$200 million. They now have the upper hand because Shapp cannot rely on the Democrats to line up solidly once again behind his tax program. Many resent the fact that Shapp, a Democratic insurgent, has cracked down on patronage throughout the state.

Shapp could have spared himself this trouble if he had not insisted on a graduated income tax. A flat-rate income tax, which exists in seven other states, would clearly have been approved by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. But Shapp feels that such a tax causes the burden to fall unfairly on the less affluent and he wanted to correct this with a schedule of "vanishing credits" that would exempt many low-income people from paying the tax. He is still determined to enact a graduated tax, but this will require a constitutional amendment. Meanwhile, Pennsylvania remains one of ten states without a personal income tax. Only last week, a graduated income tax became law in Connecticut—an unpopular but seemingly inevitable levy in an era of soaring costs of government.

RACES

One Man's Peace Corps

The year was 1964 when Edward ("Ned") Coll, an idealistic 24, left his promising job as a junior executive with a Hartford, Conn., insurance firm to found a social-action agency. Professionals and family were not amused. "It will take \$80,000 to get started, and don't count on volunteers," gruffed the local antipoverty chief. When he started going around to newspapers to sell his cause, his father, a retired postal clerk, would call ahead and warn the editor that Ned was not to be taken seriously.



COLL

Getting to know one another.

Armed with \$1,100 in savings and a vision of ending racial enmity by bringing white and black together, Coll pressed on. He rented a storefront office with a telephone. He gave his outfit a name with a resonantly contemporary ring: "The Revitalization Corps, America's Citizen Peace Corps." He dreamed up zingy program monikers like "Operation Amigo," and zealously advertised for volunteers. His guiding conviction was simple: "Most of the people in this country, black and white, want an integrated society."

Today, seven years later, the Revitalization Corps remains alive and well, headquartered in Hartford's grimy northside ghetto, and has spread to eight other cities. On last year's slender \$50,000 annual budget, almost all raised through contributions, its programs are building people-to-people "bridges" on the premise that racial problems can be solved only if individuals get to know one another in relaxed ways.

Ghetto and Guard. In the past two weeks, for example, Coll talked Hartford car dealers into sponsoring an outing for several hundred ghetto kids in Rocky Neck State Park, and threw an interracial picnic that drew 2,000 suburban and ghetto residents. He arranged for a National Guard medical team on its two-week active-duty tour to visit his office and give physical examinations to 50 ghetto children bound for 4-H camp. Says Coll: "It was about time the ghetto saw the Guard in a nonriot situation."

Another important aspect, he believes, is (or black and white to explore each other's turf. Since its inception, the corps' most ambitious programs have been aimed at this goal. This summer, 200 to 300 Hartford ghetto children will spend two weeks in suburban homes, while many whites will repay the visits during corps-organized house-painting projects and ghetto-neighborhood get-togethers. Coll also has completed arrangements to take over the National Guard camp at Windsor Locks, Conn., for several weeks to create a "Corps City" for 100 black and white children. Says he: "We'll challenge the hell out of them."

LABOR

Congratulations

On the surface, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters seemed to have acquired a new respectability. It had shed its convicted longtime president Jimmy Hoffa and elected a colorless and apparently untroublesome union veteran, Frank E. Fitzsimmons, to replace him. And there was Nixon Administration Labor Secretary James Hodgson on hand at the Teamsters' convention in Miami Beach to congratulate the new leader. Nixon sent a warm letter of "appreciation for the contributions" the union had made "to our way of life."

But the union also had just raised its dues, and had given Fitzsimmons complete authority to dispense fat Teamster funds for political campaigns (in ad-



HODGSON & FITZSIMMONS AT TEAMSTER
With warm appreciation and personal

dition to giving him a \$25,000 raise to \$125,000 a year—biggest salary of any U.S. union official). Moreover, Fitzsimmons was a loyal Hoffa lieutenant who had been serving as the acting Teamster chief at Hoffa's direction. And suddenly the U.S. Board of Parole scheduled an unusually early rehearing on whether Hoffa should be released from prison. If he is and the Teamsters support Nixon for re-election, many would wonder whether a deal had been made.

While in Miami Beach the union re-elected two vice presidents with unsavory backgrounds. One had pleaded guilty to taking illegal payments from employers; the other is awaiting a federal trial on a counterfeiting charge.

CRIME

Weeding the Garden State

For years municipal corruption in New Jersey has been almost a folkloric way of life. During his heyday in the '30s, Jersey City Political Boss Frank ("I am the law") Hague blithely told a reporter he did not understand the fuss over kickbacks to city officials because "I think 3%—the rate for city employees and contractors—is a bargain for getting good service." The difference today is that service has declined while kickbacks have more than doubled with inflation, and Jerseyites will not tolerate that kind of arithmetic.

Last week, in an ever-tightening net that has already trapped former Newark Mayor Hugh Addonizio and a raft of officials of the state's largest city, federal prosecutors caught yet another hatch of public officials on the take. This time the site was Jersey City, the state's second-largest community. It took a jury just three hours of deliberation to convict eight Hudson County



CONVENTION IN MIAMI BEACH
greetings from the White House.

politicians, including Jersey City Mayor Thomas Whelan,* on charges of conspiracy and extortion.

Men's Room. Held in the dusky, red-draped federal courtroom on the third floor of Newark's Old Federal Post Office Building, the seven-week-long trial was a recital of secret meetings in private

* The others were Jersey City Council President Thomas Flaherty, Port of New York Authority Commissioner William Sternkopf, Hudson County Treasurer Joseph Stapleton, Hudson County Freeholder and Democratic County Chairman Walter Wolfe, Jersey City Purchasing Agent Bernard Murphy, Hudson County Police Chief Fred Kropke and Jersey City Business Administrator Philip Kunz.

planes, passing money in restaurant men's rooms, bargaining kickback percentages with competing contractors. It was also an illuminating example of Jersey City's peculiar political mores. As one of the convicted officials said of the city's way of doing business: "We are a very political place, and we have our special regulations."

Regulation No. 1, it developed, was to arrange a kickback percentage—often as high as 10%—with Purchasing Agent Murphy, who was at one end of the siphon that poured millions of dollars into the coffers of Hudson County Political Boss John V. Kenny and his underlings. "The Little Guy," as Kenny, 79, is known, temporarily escaped prosecution because of serious illness. That left Whelan, 48, embarrassingly alone in the starring role.

Strike Force. Whelan was specifically accused of trying to extort \$150,000 from a Jersey City gambler and eventually receiving cash payments of \$15,000. The source of the allegation was a former Kenny protégé who had turned state's evidence. Even more damaging was the Government's disclosure that Whelan and Council President Flaherty held a numbered joint bank account in Miami Beach that until June 1970 contained \$1,200,000.

That U.S. Attorney Herbert Stern and his aides were able to bring the convictions at all, as well as the earlier ones in Newark, attests to the effectiveness of the multiple-agency strike-force concept. Until the first investigators were sent into New Jersey five years ago by the Justice Department's Organized Crime and Racketeering Section, no one had been able to crack Kenny's hegemony, or Hague's before him; both had run Jersey City, and in turn the state, virtually by fiat. Now organized crime, on the municipal level at least, is clearly on the run.

Colombo (Contd.)

Mafia Leader Joseph Colombo Sr., shot during an Italian-American Unity Day rally in Manhattan (TIME, July 12), clung to life through a third week. Meanwhile, the investigation into the attempted murder continues. No one apparently saw, or is willing to admit he saw, the gunman who killed the would-be assassin, Jerome Johnson, with three shots, even as police swarmed around him. Significantly, however, many did see what Colombo's bodyguards were doing in the seconds immediately prior to and after their boss was shot.

Three of Colombo's men—one identified only as wearing a purple shirt, a second seen wearing a white shirt and a third recognized to be Anthony ("The Gawky") Augello—accompanied him to the rally. The man in the purple shirt has so far occasioned the most suspicion, because he happened to stray from Colombo's side at the precise moment that the Mafia chieftain was shot, raising the possibility that his part in

HUGH WELLS



JOHNSON POSING IN COSTUME
Dressing oddly as a man apart.

the plot may have been to leave Colombo vulnerable to Johnson's attack.

Within seconds of Colombo's shooting, all three guards were very much in evidence, menacing bystanders with pistols or, in the case of Augello, dashing from one side of the grandstand to the other, punching strangers who got in his way. It is unlikely that any of the three killed Johnson.

Additional wisps of information on Johnson's activities in the months prior to the shooting have come from a Manhattan photographer who befriended the young black in March, and knew him well enough to snap several photographs of him. What emerges is the image of a flamboyant man who affected odd dress to set himself apart. According to his friend, however, Johnson could not handle a camera, an assessment that conflicts with Johnson's boasts that he was an accomplished film maker.

There is increasing doubt that Johnson was in the service of Brooklyn Mobster Joe Gallo, as was initially theorized. There is no evidence to link Johnson with the black gangsters recruited by Gallo. Moreover, there is a growing rumor that the contract for the Colombo "hit" was let by Carlo Gambino, the most powerful of the New York Mafiosi; and that Carmine ("Snakes") Persico, a Colombo *caporegime*, played a key role in carrying out the attempt.

According to this thesis, the Colombo rackets will fall to Persico as his reward. Then, the scenario goes, Persico, who has never been much of a leader, will botch up, leaving the road clear for Gambino to take uncontested control of the Colombo interests.



MAYOR WHELAN AFTER CONVICTION
The regulations in Jersey City were special.



Fast Freight: Across the U.S. on Super C

The nation's railroads are notorious for perennial labor disputes, failing passenger service and, in the case of the giant Penn Central, spectacular bankruptcy. Yet the railroads have become increasingly good at moneymaking freight service, using new specialized equipment and electronic gadgetry that would baffle Casey Jones. For a closeup view of modern railroading, Associate Editor Keith Johnson rode cab and caboose on the world's fastest freight train, the Santa Fe's premium-rate Super C, from Chicago to Los Angeles. His log:

8:20 A.M., CHICAGO. "Highball, Charlie Gerty, all aboard," comes the word over the cab loudspeaker. Engineer Gerty eases the throttle open, and his three huge diesel units, totaling more than 10,000 h.p., growl into action. They are pulling nine cars, mostly lead loaded in truck trailers carried piggyback on 85-ft. flatcars. From the cab the track seems too frail and narrow to support 1,500 tons of locomotive and load. After the train leaves the Corwith yards, the speedometer needle creeps up slowly through the flat, industrial territory along the Des Plaines River. Finally we are thundering along at 79 m.p.h., the top speed allowed this train. There is a loud beeping sound over Gerty's head: an Alertor, with sensors wired to the cab controls, has detected that he has not moved for some 20 seconds. This safety device will automatically stop the train if the engineer does not respond.

10:30 A.M., CHILLICOTHE, ILL. The first of 17 crew changes between Chicago and Los Angeles. Gerty climbs down the side of the red, yellow and silver lead diesel unit; Engineer Bill Burk climbs up. Off again, then a stop for 20 minutes in Galesburg. A load of lumber on the local freight ahead of us has shifted dangerously, so that car must be set out on a siding. Though a fast train like the Super C means less working time for the crews, Burk says he prefers handling a longer, heavier train: "It's the difference between a Sunday outing in the family sedan and driving a racing car. Here you've got a lot of power and you've got to keep the speed up."

The Super C sweeps along the Mis-

issippi River at full speed, then slows to cross into Iowa over a combined highway-railroad bridge. At La Plata, Mo., after crossing to the eastward track to pass a slower freight also heading west, the engineer again opens the throttle fully. With so much power hauling a relatively light train, the Super C seems to reach top speed almost as fast as an automobile. The mileposts flash by, one every 45 seconds.

5 P.M., KANSAS CITY, MO. Long-haired young brakeman George Ketner, sporting bell-bottomed jeans stenciled with ♀ and ♂ symbols, says he likes working the Super C: "All you have to do is get on at the beginning and get off at the end of the run." The train pulls out past the Santa Fe's year-old Argentine sorting yard, equipped with one IBM System 360 Model 30 and two Honeywell DDP-516 computers, which have speeded up car movements through the yard by about 50%. Two delegations of Japanese railroadmen have inspected the new yard, and one print of a Santa Fe film about Argentine even has a soundtrack in Japanese.

The Super C passes through blue-stem-grass country, where herds of beef cattle are fattened for slaughter. After a red sunset over the Kansas prairie, the engineer switches on the regular headlights and a rotating white Mars light, which cuts a circular cone through the dark. The shiny tops of the distant rails reflect the jewel-like green signals, a row of beckoning beacons in the night. Engineer O.K. Stewart remembers meeting a hobcat on the tracks one night: "Those old eyes were glowing as big as baseballs when we came around the curve," he says.

6:30 A.M., BELEN, N. MEX. The caboose is no Pullman car, but it is comfortable enough with folded-down seats to sleep on, a lavatory, a small refrigerator, a water cooler and an oil stove, which serves to heat the car and warm the breakfast coffee cake. The desert dawn is bright and clear: the sun bath-lights the Manzano Mountains to the east. The train climbs continually to the Continental Divide crossing at Gonzales. "Back in the days of hand-fired steam locomotives, we were real glad to get

here," says Ray Derksen, acting trainmaster at Gallup. Derksen points out a hot-box detector at trackside, an infrared gadget that spots defective wheel bearings; one installation can cost as much as \$50,000, but a single derailment caused by a hot box can be much more expensive.

10:55 A.M., WINSLOW, ARIZ. A tear in the metal roof of the lead trailer has worsened, so in the 25 minutes we stop here, a maintenance crew makes a quick patch. From Winslow the line climbs again to its highest point at Riordan, the 7,313-ft. Arizona Divide. On a fast train like the Super C the crews get a full day's pay for as little as 24 hours on the railroad. The men lay over in Seligman; if they are not assigned a return run within 16 hours, their pay starts again automatically. The pay is good: the average on the Albuquerque division is more than \$12,000 a year, with senior engineers making \$18,000 easily. Trainmaster E.L. Kidd notes that practically all of the men who run the Santa Fe come from railroading families.

3 P.M., NEEDLES, CALIF. From the Colorado River crossing, it is uphill across the Mojave Desert, hazy with heat, wind-blown sand swirling beneath high purple mountains. We make a triple meet, going into a siding at 15 m.p.h. to pass a loaded 84-car coal train that is so heavy it must stick to the main line; at the same time an eastward freight sweeps by on the descending grade. After Victorville it is a climb of 1,106 ft. in 19 miles to the summit of Cajon Pass, eerily shrouded in fog. We crawl along, watching for signals looming out of the murk, then creep down the steep slope; air brakes hissing, to San Bernardino. Suddenly all is neon lights: freeways, gas stations and palm trees.

9:40 P.M., LOS ANGELES. We pull into the terminal at Hobart in southeastern Los Angeles, end of the 2,202-mile journey from Chicago. It has taken only 39 hours and 20 minutes, 40 minutes faster than scheduled—a trip faster than that of the Super Chief, the Santa Fe's crack passenger train. Twelve minutes after we stop, the first trailer has already been unloaded by a giant yellow straddle crane and driven away.

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Morocco: Bloody Birthday

THOUGH he was once one of the more notorious playboys of the Arab world, Morocco's King Hassan II quickly proved himself a sober ruler when he acceded to the throne more than ten years ago. But the slim, dark-eyed monarch still enjoys a good bash, and he decided to celebrate in style when he turned 42 last week. Accordingly, he invited 500 guests, including Cabinet Ministers, generals and the diplomatic corps, to join him at Skhirat, one of his ten palaces, which is situated at a seaside spa ten miles outside Rabat.

What Hassan did not know was that rebellious junior officers in his 50,000-man army were planning to crash the party and topple his pro-Western regime. His guests were hardly seated for lunch before Skhirat's swimming pool when some 30 truckloads of mutineers rolled up to the palace and began raking it with machine guns, grenades and mortars.

Hassan was pulled to safety by aides. But the guests, many of whom thought that the shooting was part of the king's birthday fireworks, became ducks in a palatial gallery when loyal troops started firing back. Belgian Ambassador Marcel Dupret fell dead with a bullet in his chest. General Mohammed Nimchi, commander of Morocco's air force, was killed, as were three army generals and two Cabinet Ministers. At least 100 people were wounded including Saudi Arabian Ambassador Fakhri el Adhr and the King's brother, Prince Moulay Abdullah. Hundreds who had expected a pleasant summer outing were terrified and scattered for cover.

A Right Royal Damn. Rebels appeared throughout Morocco. Even while hundreds of army cadets attacked at Skhirat, other anti-Hassan forces seized radio stations in Rabat, the capital, and Casablanca, announced that the King had been overthrown, and proclaimed a "revolutionary republic." Shouting slogans like "Socialism has arrived—down with the monarchy!" rebel broadcasters brought thousands of dissident Moroccans into the streets. Many gleefully tore down birthday posters bearing Hassan's portrait. But their demonstration proved short-lived as baton-wielding police beat them back.

Pro-Hassan forces, under Interior Minister General Mohammed Oufkir, quickly rallied. A gaunt, laconic Berber from the Atlas Mountains, Oufkir has been unwaveringly loyal to Hassan. Four years ago, after the Moroccan leftist Mehdi Ben Barka disappeared in France, the De Gaulle government tried and convicted Oufkir *in absentia* for murder and sentenced him to life imprisonment.

Last week Hassan gave his Interior Minister wide authority to put down the disturbances. Oufkir used that power as ruthlessly as he did six years ago, when troops were called out to put down student demonstrations in Casablanca, the first serious anti-Hassan riot.

Hours after his bloody birthday party, Hassan was on the radio assuring his 15.5 million people that he was unharmed. During the broadcast he noted that his Arab ally, the far left revolutionary regime of Libya, had immediately supported the rebels and threatened to intervene (this would have been quite a feat, since it is separated from Morocco by 650 miles of Algeria). "Personally," said the King, "I will tell you about Libya in the most vulgar manner possible. I don't give a right royal damn." Meanwhile, Algeria's Houari Boumedienne, a devotee of Arab socialism who resents mon-



OUFKIR IN PRAYER ROBES
Using power ruthlessly.

archs, issued no statements, but called his Cabinet into session to discuss the Moroccan events.

Absolute Power. Hassan could congratulate himself on surviving an attempted coup. But he could scarcely overlook the fact that apart from tiny Tunisia, he was a man alone in a North African littoral where the dominant mood is Nasser-style Arab socialism. Hassan introduced Morocco's first Parliament in 1963, but dissolved it 18 months later when it proved fractious and unproductive. Last year he set up a modified parliamentary system, but to all intents and purposes, he is still absolute ruler over the westernmost of the Arab lands. As a descendant of Mohammed, he has spiritual as well as temporal authority and frequently dons his smart Western clothes for traditional Moroccan white robes.

Opposition parties have been trying to get him to doff some of his power as well. Angry over agriculture setbacks, unchecked population growth, the lack of jobs for graduating students, and the presence in Morocco of three sensitive Western bases, they have launched demonstrations and, according to the King, actual plots against the crown. Last month 192 people were put on trial in Marrakech for threatening the regime. There have been other less spectacular attempts on Hassan's life, and there are persistent reports that Moroccans are training in Algeria and Syria to overthrow the King.

At week's end Hassan and his followers seemed to be in control—though it was not yet certain whether Vice President Spiro Agnew would go through with his visit scheduled for next week. With its strategic position at the western gate of the Mediterranean, its status as a monarchy in the midst of revolutionary regimes and its domestic problems, Morocco seems too tempting a target to stay quiet for long.



KING HASSAN II
A man alone.

MIDDLE EAST

Death at the Gate of Hope

In the Israeli town of Petah-Tikva last week, the quiet of a summer's night was suddenly shattered by the half-forgotten sound of incoming Katyusha rockets. One shell hit a hospital, killing an elderly woman patient. Two more damaged an elementary school closed for vacation. A fourth killed a five-year-old girl sitting on a porch. Next morning a spotter plane located the Russian-made rocket launcher 41 miles away near the Arab village of Deir Ballut.

For Israelis, who have been spared such incidents since last November, both the target and the timing were significant. Petah-Tikva (Gate of Hope), settled by Russian immigrants in 1878, was the first Jewish agricultural settlement in modern Palestine. The rock-

et to despair, the fedayeen might have launched last week's attacks, as Beirut's *Daily Star* observed, to prove that they "may be down but they are not out."

Effective Attrition. The resurgence of guerrilla activity showed, as Premier Golda Meir quickly pointed out, that Israel needs secure borders to ensure peace in the Middle East. At the same time, Egypt is becoming less and less optimistic about the chances of peace with Israel and the reopening of the Suez Canal. *Al Ahram* Editor Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, who usually mirrors official thinking, said last week that the time had come for another round of "effective attrition" against Israel combined with pressure on the U.S.

Despite such pessimistic signs, Washington is hopeful of persuading Israel and Egypt to take the first steps toward peace. The State Department last

week said that we simply don't need this division any more."

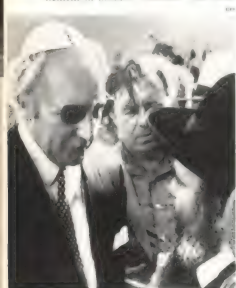
Not that the division was ever formidable, at least in terms of size. The Arab League's Boycott-Israel Office, headquartered in Damascus, has 18 branches and a staff of 200. Israel's counterforce, operating on \$15,000 a year, had a staff of seven at the height of its activity. At the end it consisted only of Azaizi and a deputy, though it also received assistance from Jewish agencies round the world.

On the Sly. The boycott was most effective during Israel's early days as a state, largely because oil had to be shipped from remote Venezuela at an extra annual cost of \$15 million. Now the oil comes from close at hand—some small amounts from the Sinai, some from Iran, and some, according to angry Arab nationalists, even from Saudi Arabia, on the sly. Today the boycott costs Israel up to \$10 million a year, paid out in commissions to middlemen representing firms that will not deal directly with Israel. But that figure is hardly significant compared with Israel's annual outlay of \$1.7 billion for imports.

In many respects, the boycott and other forms of Arab hostility have strengthened rather than weakened Israel's economy. Because Egyptian cotton was unavailable, Israel began to grow its own. Because Israel had to trade far from its natural markets, it developed a large merchant marine (more than 1,500,000 tons today v. 22,000 in 1948). Because many foreign airlines refused to land at Israeli fields in 1948, El Al was formed. In a period of trouble for all airlines, El Al is doing relatively well (*see BUSINESS*).

At any one time, the Arab blacklist runs to some 600 corporations or individuals in 64 nations. Ford Motor Co. is on it for setting up an assembly plant in Israel despite the fact that there is another Ford subsidiary in Egypt, and Moviemaker Otto Preminger is on it for having made *Exodus*. But Hilton and Sheraton manage hotels in Tel Aviv as well as Cairo, and such airlines as Air France, Lufthansa, SAS and TWA service both sides. Bonwit Teller, the U.S. department store, is on some boycott lists, presumably for handling Israeli fashions.

Economic Power. When companies submit to Arab pressure, Israel often reacts sharply. France's Renault canceled a contract with Israel for a more lucrative car-assembly arrangement with Egypt; after the Egyptian deal collapsed, Renault tried to get back into Israel and was rebuffed. Often Israel uses what Foreign Minister Abba Eban describes as "the economic power of 10 million Jews in the free world." The Israelis, for instance, leaked word last January that a London-based subsidiary of Mobil Oil had ordered ship chandlers not to supply its tankers with Israeli goods because Libya threatened to blacklist ships found with such supplies aboard. Though Mobil headquarters in New



SHEEL AT JERUSALEM'S WAILING WALL



HOSPITAL ROOM AFTER ROCKET ATTACK

Down but not out.

eting, along with guerrilla forays elsewhere—a bazooka barrage on the Lebanese border, a skirmish on the Golan Heights, a grenade explosion in Ashkelon—coincided with a meeting in Cairo of the 155-member guerrilla high command, the Palestine National Council. It also occurred during the four-day visit of West German Foreign Minister Walter Scheel, who conferred with Israeli officials and visited the Yad Va'shem memorial to the 6,000,000 victims of the Holocaust, and the Wailing Wall, where he donned a *yarmulke* and chatted with rabbis.

Until last week the guerrillas had been largely silent since they were badly mauled last September by the Jordanian army. King Hussein seems determined to prove that he has the once-governable commandos completely under control; last week his government hanged a guerrilla for committing sabotage at a phosphate plant outside Amman. Plagued by disunity and close

week dispatched Donald C. Bergus, who was returning to his post as provisional U.S. representative in Cairo after consultations in Washington, and Michael Stern, its Egyptian expert. Cairo, in keeping with the mood, sent no one to meet them at the airport.

The Superfluous Boycott

In Jerusalem this week, a veteran Israeli diplomat named Tuvia Azaizi will go on pension and the Political-Economic Planning Division that he directed will be shut down. "We're superfluous," says Azaizi, 58, a onetime underground fighter and Ambassador to Cyprus. But he says it with a smile. The Political-Economic Planning Division is actually Israel's anti-boycott office, set up eleven years ago to thwart the efforts of 18 Arab countries to choke Israel economically. "The boycott does us infinitesimal harm now," says Azaizi. "It is so inefficient and inef-

York later withdrew the directive. 1,457 Mobil credit cards were canceled by customers. Of that number, 611 were renewed after Mobil conferred with U.S. Jewish leaders and advertised in Jewish newspapers that "there is no Mobil boycott. There never was."

Japan, which relies on Arab oil for 40% of its requirements, scrupulously respects the boycott. Two years ago, the Nissan Motor Co., which was then selling about 2,000 vehicles a year in Arab countries, told an Israeli dealer that he could not import any of its cars. "Please understand our awkward situation with your cordial heart," Nissan wrote the dealer. The Japanese still refuse landing rights in Tokyo to El Al. In retaliation, 7,000 U.S. travelers canceled reservations on Japan Air Lines to the 1970 Osaka world's fair.

Currently, the biggest headache for the Arab League's boycott director, Egyptian Lawyer Mohammed Mahmoud Mahgoub, is a form of trade conducted close to home. Since the Six-Day War of 1967, Israel has followed an "open bridges" policy that allows the Arabs living on the Israeli-occupied West Bank of Jordan to continue trade and traffic with the East Bank, and thus with the Arab world. The trade, in citrus fruits, vegetables and manufactured goods, has now reached \$20 million annually, and competitors like Lebanon are demanding that the Arabs close the bridges. The Arab League will take up the matter in September.

Jordan's King Hussein and the Palestinian guerrillas, in rare agreement, argue that to seal the bridges would be to cede the West Bank to Israel irrevocably. Al Fatah calls the boycott office "a sinecure for parasites and inefficient officials." (It is common knowl-

edge among European companies that a bribe of \$2,000 to \$5,000 is often enough to get a name removed from the list.) The guerrillas also criticize the boycott machinery as "superfluous." Curiously, that is precisely the word used by Israel's Anti-Boycott Director Arazi to describe his own assignment.

DIPLOMACY

Summer of Decision

Summer doldrums? Not in the arena of international diplomacy. At no time since the close of World War II have so many important and sometimes interrelated negotiations between East and West been under way. In addition to the Paris talks on the Viet Nam War (see THE NATION), there were important developments in three crucial areas last week:

SALT. As Soviet Chief Negotiator Vladimir Semyonov arrived in Helsinki for the opening of the fifth round of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, he exuded confidence. He declared that the Soviet delegation carried "clear-cut instructions to achieve concrete results," and predicted that the U.S. and Russia would soon reach a preliminary agreement on limiting anti-ballistic missiles. A ban on the defensive ABMs would make it easier to work out a balanced reduction in offensive strategic missiles. Meanwhile, *Pravda* seemed to be preparing its readers for a nuclear accommodation with the U.S. "Action is met by counteraction," the party newspaper said. "This process, if it is not stopped with the help of reasonable agreements on curbing the arms race, is endless."

BERLIN. In West Berlin the ambassadors of the Big Four (Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the U.S.) made new progress toward an agreement on the status of West Berlin, which is isolated 110 miles inside Communist East Germany. Sixteen months after the talks began, the Russians have recently been cooperative enough that some Western diplomats are talking boldly of a "three-three-three" timetable: three more months for the ambassadors to draw up the basic framework of the settlement, emphasizing free access between West Berlin and West Germany; three months for the West and East Germans to work out details on transit procedures and the like; and a final three months for the West Germans to ratify the treaties of Moscow and Warsaw, whose approval by the Bundestag hinges on a successful outcome of the Berlin talks.

FORCE REDUCTIONS. On a mission to Moscow, Italian Foreign Minister Aldo Moro formally advised the Soviet government that NATO wants to begin talks with the Warsaw Pact about force reductions in Europe. Perhaps as an indication of Soviet interest, Moro was received both by Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and Premier Alexsei Kosygin. But then it was only logical for them to hear



NEGOTIATOR SMITH (LEFT) & SEMYONOV
"Pravda" was preparing its readers.

out the NATO emissary, since it was Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev who last May invited the Atlantic Alliance to taste the wine of Russian intentions about troop cuts.

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Dzu Story

It has been a trying summer for General Ngo Dzu, commander of one of South Viet Nam's four military regions. Last month 27 Vietnamese majors and colonels sent a letter to top government officials in Saigon charging Dzu (pronounced zoo) with a long list of corrupt practices (TIME, June 28). The general branded the letter the work of his enemies, and one of his most trusted U.S. advisers declared that "upon examination, all the charges have fizzled."

Last week, however, Dzu was once again the target of corruption charges, this time from a U.S. Congressman. In Washington, Representative Robert Steele, 32, a Republican from Connecticut (and former CIA employee), charged that Dzu was one of the chief narcotics dealers in Southeast Asia.

Hard Intelligence. Steele, who made headlines two months ago when he charged that the drug-addiction rate among G.I.s in Viet Nam was between 10% and 15%, refused to reveal the sources of the new accusations. "My information comes from intelligence sources in Saigon," he said. "My concern is due to the fact that this is hard intelligence, which has been developed for months, and nothing has been done." He added: "There has been a crack-down by the South Vietnamese, especially against the customs officials. But who do you think is moving this stuff? Porters? We've made some progress. Now we're at the point where we must move against the kingpins."

The first denial came from John Paul

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Vann, an American pacification worker who was recently appointed Dzu's senior U.S. adviser. "If there has been any wrongdoing of this nature," said Vann, "I am not aware of it." Other sources close to Dzu claimed that Steele had based his charges on the letter signed by Dzu's 27 dissident officers.

When Dzu flew to Saigon, President Nguyen Van Thieu flatly refused to see his embattled general. After 24 hours of waiting, Dzu flew back to his Military Region II headquarters, protesting that Steele had damaged "not only my honor as a general but also the honor of the Vietnamese army and the Vietnamese people."

Highly Sensitive. The Saigon government said that it was investigating charges of corruption on Dzu's part. Many case-hardened U.S. officials doubted, however, that Dzu has played as large a part in the narcotics racket as Steele claims. They noted, moreover, that his popularity as a military commander has slipped markedly since he took over Military Region II last August—which could make him expendable at a time when corruption in the Thieu government is a hot political issue.

For its part, the Nixon Administration made no direct reply to Steele's charges. But the Administration has been genuinely shocked by the extent of the narcotics problem among G.I.s and it is acutely aware of the risks for its policy that the problem carries. Last week's visit to Viet Nam by Dr. Jerome Jaffe,



GENERAL NGO DZU
Kingpins, not porters.

the President's adviser on narcotics and dangerous drugs, is the most recent indication of the President's concern. The charges against Dzu could make it all the more difficult for the Administration to convince the nation that it is more important to support the current Vietnamese government than to speed the U.S. withdrawal.

NEW GUINEA

Waiting for That Cargo

It was a weird scene even for the Stone Age world of New Guinea. Deliberately, several brown-skinned Melanesian tribesmen made their way down from the top of fog-shrouded Mount Turu. Strapped to the bamboo poles on their shoulders were two concrete survey markers that had been planted on the summit years ago by a U.S. Army team. Behind the bearers trudged 4,000 other natives from New Guinea's jungled East Sepik district, reciting the Roman Catholic rosary and clutching handfuls of precious mud that they had scooped from the mountaintop.

The procession ended at Yangoru, a village four miles from the mountain. The leader, a sometime policeman and Catholic mission employee named Yeliwan Matthias, 42, told the bearers to drop the stolen markers outside the local government post, part of Australia's administrative network in North-east New Guinea. Then Yeliwan raised his eyes and wailed: "It all depends on God."

No Birds. Not even He could be expected to work the marvels that were supposed to follow last week's ceremony. Yeliwan and his followers believed that the white man's survey markers were corking up all the treasure within Mount Turu. Once the markers were removed, Yeliwan prophesied:

► Crops would grow profusely, and "we

Border Recessional: The Return of Con Thien

THE Leathernecks who set up the McNamara line—the string of forward posts just below Viet Nam's Demilitarized Zone—used to describe their shell-pocked bases as "machines for killing Marines." The wry echo of Le Corbusier's famous line was morbidly appropriate. To counter enemy infiltration into South Viet Nam, the outposts had to be close to the DMZ—and therefore within easy range of Communist artillery in North Viet Nam and of mortars and rockets illegally positioned inside the six-mile-wide zone.

Last week, in a further Vietnamization of the war, the last of the bases that made up the McNamara line were turned over to the South Vietnamese army (ARVN). Six of the seven bases along the 40-mile stretch below the DMZ, from the South China Sea to the blue-tinged Annamite mountains of western Quang Tri province, are now manned by ARVN 1st Infantry troops and Marines. In a month or two, G.I.s will be pulled out of the seventh position, an outpost near the coast called Alpha 1, and the U.S. 5th Mechnized Division will leave its headquarters in Quang Tri city. A few Americans will stay on at the DMZ fire bases to tend complex optical and radar equipment. But the South Vietnamese will be substantially defending their own northern border for the first time since heavy North Vietnamese infiltration along the DMZ began in 1966.

One of the two outposts turned over to Saigon last week was Charlie 2, a barren hilltop four miles south of the DMZ. Last May, when it was still the home of 500 G.I.s, a single Communist rocket slammed into one overcrowded bunker at Charlie 2, killing 30 and wounding 32 inside.

Alpha 4, the other base turned over to ARVN last week, is only three miles from the southern edge of the DMZ. Bet-

ter known as Con Thien—the name that was still lettered on its tactical operations center when the 300-man G.I. garrison pulled out last week—it is a small triangle of dusty hill-tops that long ago earned a pivotal niche in the history of the war. In 1967, the North Vietnamese put such relentless pressure on Con Thien and inflicted so many casualties that the American public's confidence in its government's management of the war was badly shaken. In July of that year, two Marine companies ran into an ambush outside Con Thien, suffering 83 dead and 170 wounded. In September, the Communists began a long artillery and ground siege that in one murderous three-week period killed 196 and wounded 1,917 on and around the base.

Four years later, South Viet Nam's northern borders are still about as leakproof as Saigon customs. Since mid-March, when the Laotian incursion ended in muffled ignominy, 30,000 North Vietnamese troops have slipped into South Viet Nam's Military Region I, raising NVA troop strength in the five northern provinces to 52,000 troops (plus 24,000 Viet Cong guerrillas). Despite the presence of 180,000 South Vietnamese troops and the ready availability of U.S. airpower, the Communists seem capable of inflicting embarrassing losses in Quang Tri and Thua Thien, the two provinces just south of the DMZ.

Saigon is thus uneasy about reports that Washington is anxious to accelerate the U.S. withdrawal. During his stop in Saigon last week, Henry Kissinger assured President Nguyen Van Thieu that the U.S. is not about to "pull the plug." But he also warned Thieu that the U.S. withdrawal rate, now 14,300 a month, will probably jump to 20,000 after South Viet Nam's presidential elections in October.

shall go hunting and there will be plenty of game in the bush."

► The bird of paradise, which has all but disappeared from East Sepik in recent years, would return and flourish.

► A fleet of 500 jet transports would disgorge thousands of sympathetic Americans bearing crates of knives, steel axes, rifles, mirrors and other wonders.

By week's end, neither the birds nor the jets had appeared. But even if they never show, the people of New Guinea's primitive north coast are not likely to abandon the so-called "cargo cult"—a conviction that if only the dark-skinned people can hit on the magic formula, they can, without working, acquire all the wealth and possessions that seem concentrated in the white world. Officials are forever trying to explain how the world uses labor, capital and raw materials to acquire its "car-

A group on nearby New Hanover Island once raised \$2,000 to buy Lyndon Johnson: they reasoned that if L.B.J. were to come, American cargo would surely follow. Cultists at the New Guinean port of Madang were deeply disappointed when the Duke of Edinburgh visited early this year but did not walk on the water or bring a big iron key to unlock a storehouse of goodies.

Great Error. In the Yangoru area, Jesus Christ is thought to be the secret. It was the Crucifixion, the tribesmen suspect, that got the white world its cargo.

At first, Cult Leader Yeliwan seemed bent on doing for his people what Christ had done for the whites. He stole off to Mount Turu last month to begin a solitary fast. Word went out on the jungle grapevine that he would be beheaded on the peak: when his blood flowed over the white man's markers, the sto-

ASIA

Where the Action Is

Atop 5,820-ft. Mount Ulu Kali, the tropic air turns chill at night and lights from the distant capital of Kuala Lumpur glitter like diamonds. But visitors to the new 200-room Genting Highlands Hotel could hardly care less about the breathtaking view. Since the resort opened in May, thousands of eager customers have driven up a misty, winding mountain road for a headier kind of excitement—gambling in Malaysia's first legalized casino.

Respectability. At almost any hour of the day there is steady action at the blackjack, baccarat, roulette and craps tables, many of them run by female dealers or croupiers. The players are affluent businessmen from Kuala Lumpur and nearby Singapore, accompanied by wives or mistresses in silk pantsuits. Collectively, they wager an estimated \$100,000 every 24 hours. On a visit last month, the Sultan of Selangor put a royal stamp of respectability on the new venture by winning \$133 at roulette.

Like a growing number of countries in the Far East, the Malaysian government decided to cash in on gambling as a means of raising much-needed revenue. Surprisingly, the venture provoked little criticism from Malaysia's conservative Islamic population, and the government plans to issue more casino licenses. But, as Finance Minister Tan Siew Sin puts it, such casinos will be confined "to areas that are relatively inaccessible so that the poorer sections of our community cannot patronize them even if they want to."

Gambling Junkies. Elsewhere in Asia, gambling is going legitimate so fast that Continental Consolidated Ltd., an American-dominated Hong Kong company that manages casinos in South Korea and Malaysia, is preparing a new kind of junket, a tour of the area's biggest gaming places. The Diners' Club in Singapore has even agreed to take tourists up to Genting Highlands and let them gamble on their credit cards.

The South Korean government, which licensed four legal casinos three years ago, now takes in about \$2,000,000 annually from the operations. Macao, long the mecca of Asian gambling, has been upgraded from seedy dens where croupiers were undershirts to gilded halls in lavish hotels boasting Thai massenses. The tiny Portuguese colony off the Chinese mainland today draws 1,300,000 visitors a year, many of them sped there by gleaming hydrofoils or ferriesboats featuring strip shows.

If Continental Consolidated has its way, Laos and South Viet Nam may soon have similar operations. There is also a move afoot in the Philippines to legalize a score of clip joints that have operated virtually undisturbed along Manila Bay. Even tiny Nepal has opened a casino in the Soaltee Oberoi Hotel in Katmandu.

In the Indonesian capital of Djakarta,



CULT LEADER WITH TRIBESMEN BEFORE MOUNT TURU PROCESSION
Calling on Lyndon, the Duke of Edinburgh and Jesus Christ.

go," but that is all so much hocus-focus to the tribesmen. As Sydney University Anthropologist Peter Lawrence notes, "They can't conceive of a factory where goods are manufactured. They believe that everything has a deity who has to be contacted through ritual," and who only then will deliver the cargo.

The cult goes back to the mid-19th century, when Russian explorers and Christian missionaries arrived in New Guinea with a dazzling array of possessions. It really took hold during World War II, when all manner of amazing cargo came from the skies, dangling under American parachutes or carried to earth by huge silver birds.

Since then, cult leaders have tried again and again to duplicate the white man's magic. They hacked airstrips in the rain forest, but no planes came. They built structures that look like white men's banks, but no money materialized.

ry went, the cargo sealed inside the mountain would at last be unlocked. Then, two days after "the great event of the seventh day of the seventh month," Yeliwan would rise from the dead.

Tribesmen began abandoning their jungle plots and their jobs in sawmills and rubber plantations to converge on Yangoru. There, in a few days of brisk recruiting, Yeliwan's deputy collected a tidy \$20,000 in cult initiation fees—\$10 for each man, \$2 for each of his wives.

Why was the sacrifice called off? Warnings by Australian officials might have helped. What about the \$20,000? As Yeliwan's deputy told it, the money would be used to construct a memorial, 2,200 miles away in the Australian capital of Canberra, to the ancestors of the Sepik people. Both the Queen and Pope Paul would attend the unveiling, he promised, and that would surely hasten the arrival of the cargo.

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the municipal government last year took in \$6,000,000, a third of its revenue, from three licensed casinos, numerous slot machines, horse racing, greyhound races, jai alai and a local lottery. The Casino Pix, located on the 13th floor of the Sarinah Department Store, is hardly plush as casinos go. The clients are apt to shun tie and jacket for open sports shirts. There is no alcohol, no floor show, no music—but big winners are provided with a ride home to protect their cash. "Elsewhere it is the bandits who benefit," says Djakarta's forceful mayor, Major General Ali Sadikin. "Here it is the government."

In the five years since he legalized the underground casinos that had been operating under army protection, Sadikin has used gambling revenues to build and rehabilitate some 750 schools, fill in potholes on city streets and install more traffic signals. Other Indonesian cities are now emulating Sadikin's method of filling city coffers.

Numbers Game. The new surge of legalized gambling throughout Asia is not likely to diminish the passion of villagers in Bali or Luzon for wagering piles of well-worn notes on bloody cock-fights. Nor is it likely to keep the average Singapore housewife from losing about \$50 a week on an illicit numbers game with forbidding 132-to-1 odds. But by recognizing that gambling goes on anyway, the countries now rushing to legalize the games have not only brought the operations out from under the table but have also stacked the cards in their favor.

THE MEDITERRANEAN

The Cross Maltese

The jubilant crowds swarmed through the narrow streets of Valletta, the walled capital of Malta, in such numbers that the black Mercedes Benz was forced to a virtual halt. Inside the car, the driver lost his temper. "Save your applause for later!" he shouted, leaning out of the window. "There is work to do, and it will be done!"

Hot-tempered Dom Mintoff, 54, made that promise just before taking the oath as Malta's second Prime Minister since it became an independent member of the British Commonwealth in 1964. In the three weeks since then, he has shown that he meant business. The day after he was sworn in by the British Governor General, Sir Maurice Dorman, he called on Sir Maurice and told him: "The people here would like to have a Maltese as Governor General." "When would you like me to resign?" asked Dorman. "Tomorrow morning," said Mintoff, although he later relented and gave Sir Maurice four days to get packing.

Tripling the Take. The mercurial Mintoff was just getting started. He sacked the British police chief. He pronounced invalid the ten-year agreement allowing Britain to keep military forces on the island. He asked Washington to suspend further Sixth Fleet visits "pending re-



PRIME MINISTER MINTOFF
Shock treatment.

vision of general agreements." For good measure, Mintoff also declared NATO's Mediterranean commander, Italian Admiral Gino Birindelli, *persona non grata*. Birindelli, an outspoken right-winger who kept his NATO headquarters on Malta, had accused Mintoff of planning to let the Russians use the island as a naval base.

Fearing just that, some Allied strategists quickly charged that Mintoff's maneuvers sounded like the start of a new Cuba. To other observers, however, it looked as if his main goal were simply to extract more money from Britain. Under an agreement signed in 1964, Britain has been paying a modest £5,000,000 (now \$12 million) annually for its right to station forces on the island. Moreover, other NATO nations used Malta's harbor and facilities without paying the Maltese anything—even though Malta is not a NATO member and has no treaty or agreement with it.

Mintoff is expected to ask the British to triple their subsidy.

The son of a Royal Navy ship's steward of Bulgarian ancestry, Mintoff graduated from Oxford with degrees in architecture and engineering. He campaigned for the June elections, in which his Labor Party won a narrow 28-to-27 parliamentary majority, on a vaguely neutralist platform. But he cannot hope to retain that majority for five years unless he can do something dramatic to win the voters' confidence—like filling their pocketbooks.

"Mintoff is using the shock treatment," said a Western diplomat after a visit to Malta last week. "He believes his people have to be kicked out of their dreamy complacency and lethargy. He also believes the British must be shocked into yielding to his demands."

Soviet Bid. The British have proved unshockable. For one thing, the island is no longer so important strategically as it was during the 16th century heyday of the Maltese Knights, or during World War II. Today U.S. warships use Naples as their main headquarters in the area, and Russia has no great need for a new base. For another, despite last week's visit to Malta by the Soviet Ambassador to Britain, Mikhail Smirnovsky, Mintoff insists that whatever trade concessions he may give the Soviets, they will never get a military toehold on Malta. "We will offer our services to the one who pays the most," he says, "except for three countries which we fear: Italy, the U.S. and Russia."

In any case, Mintoff is not likely to go so far as to kick the British out, since 3,000 Maltese employed at the base would immediately lose their jobs. That is a blow the poor and crowded (pop. 320,000) country could hardly sustain. Last week, when Mintoff canceled the Sixth Fleet visit, there was sorrow among the island's shopkeepers and the girls of "The Gut," the red-light district. According to one estimate, Malta lost \$360,000 by keeping the sailors away.

ITALIAN SUB "FRANCESCO MOROSINI" IN VALLETTA HARBOR



BRITAIN The Great Debate Begins

We have an opportunity to make history happen. It is in our hands now and no one else's. For 25 years we have been looking for something to get us going again. Now here it is. We have the chance for new greatness. We must take it.

With that Churchillian challenge, Prime Minister Edward Heath in a television speech last week took his case for entry into the Common Market to the British people. His approach, which was expressed more fully in a White Paper that he personally presented to the House of Commons, was a startling departure from the postwar British norm. Ever since their "finest hour" in the 1940s, the British have shied away from stirring rhetoric and appointments with history as if they were too drained by earlier exertions to cope with monumental actions or decisions.

By word and deed, Ted Heath now has forced upon his countrymen a truly historic decision. They can join the six-nation European Economic Community, renouncing a legacy of insularity that began in 1558 when England lost Calais to the French. Or, in the words of the White Paper, they can "stand aside from this great enterprise and seek to maintain our interests from the narrow—and narrowing—base we have known in recent years."

Publicity Campaign. Heath has organized an elaborate publicity campaign to persuade dubious British voters (57% anti-Market by the latest polls, 25% pro, the rest undecided) that joining Europe is Britain's best course. The Tory government will distribute 5,000,000 copies of a shorter version of the White Paper, and there will be a whirlwind speaking tour by Conservative leaders.



TED HEATH

Later this month, Parliament will "take note" of the issue in a four-day debate. Not until late October, however, will the final debate and vote be held. By then, both major parties and the powerful trade unions will have threshed out the question during their annual conventions.

Neither the Tories nor the Laborites are anywhere near unity on joining the Six. Despite a hard core of right-wing Market foes within his Conservative Party, Heath has firmly declared that he will insist on strict party discipline when the final ballot is taken in Commons.

Serious Split. Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson faces a more serious split in the ranks. Roy Jenkins, Labor's No. 2 man, has pledged firm support for British membership in the Common Market. The strongest support for British membership came from the irrepressible Lord George-Brown, Foreign Minister during Wilson's unsuccessful 1967 attempt to join the Common Market. In a speech to M.P.s, George-Brown said that the Tory-negotiated entry terms "looked better than some of us dared hope a few months ago."

But a majority of the Labor Party is anti-Market—a sentiment shared by most trade unions. Wilson has said that his duty as leader is to keep the Labor Party united. In an abrasive televised reply to Heath last week, Wilson challenged the EEC entry terms as "too costly." But when the Labor Party meets to discuss the EEC issue later this week, he will still remain astraddle the fence. He may also allow a free vote on the EEC issue in Commons. Wilson is mindful of the tragic case of onetime Labor Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, who split the party in 1931 when he teamed up with the Tories in Britain's economic crisis. That action sent the Laborites into political oblivion for 14 years and ended his own career in ignominy.



LORD GEORGE-BROWN

A renewed sense of history.



QUAKE VICTIMS NEAR SANTIAGO

Chile: On the Circle of Fire

LIKE the Andean republics to the north, Chile lies along the "circle of fire," a ring of volcanoes and seismic fault lines that encircle the Pacific Basin. The west coast of South America, in particular, is a storm center of seismic shocks set off by the depth and turbulence of the Peru-Chile trench offshore. One such shock struck Peru in May 1970, killing an estimated 50,000 people. The Chileans too have paid a heavy price for their geography. Some 3,000 Chileans were killed in the 1906 earthquake, 30,000 in 1939 and 5,000 in 1960. The last serious quake occurred in 1965, taking about 300 lives.

At 11:03 one evening last week, an earthquake struck central Chile once again. Damage in the capital of Santiago itself was not heavy. But next morning, when President Salvador Allende Gossens flew to the agricultural regions of Illapel and Salamanca, he was stunned. "It was dreadful," he said of the scene in Huerfano Viejo (pop. 5,000), where virtually every building had been destroyed. The toll: at least 90 persons killed, 250 injured and 15,000 left homeless.

PEOPLE



SOPHIA LOREN
Revenged.

When Actress Sophia Loren arrived in Manhattan last October, she was robbed of \$1,000,000 in jewelry. Last week, returning to make a film, she discovered that the October rascals had just been snared, but that no loot had been recovered. Determinedly sitting through a series of police lineups, Sophia successfully fingered the two culprits, then departed to shoot scenes in an appropriate location: thief-infested 42nd Street.

It was Martha Mitchell on the phone again, this time speaking her mind to the Washington *Star*. "I resent, regret and abhor that the news media has (sic) taken upon itself to interfere with possible lines of communication with the Viet Cong," announced Martha. Criticizing the continued publication of the Pentagon papers, she blasted "the indiscreet judgment that smells of political implications on the part of the press, which has reached such an extent that it may result in complete suppression of the press—in which event it will have caused its own death." Though it may have come as a surprise to many, the Attorney General's wife insisted that her remarks were meant to help the press: "I don't want to see them destroy themselves."

For all the discussion about California Governor Ronald Reagan's chances for the presidency, an even greater fuss is brewing over the sincerity of his hair. Purred Attorney William Colbantz, a Democratic Party strategist and regent of the University of California: "After all, Reagan is 60, and if he doesn't move soon, it'll be too late. You can dye your hair, but you can't dye corpsescles. Reagan is a menopausal Cary Grant."

When Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* arrives in Russia, it will have a happy ending. Just how happy, no one seems to know, least of all Author Williams. The Russians, it seems, are rewriting the play more to their hearts' desire. Williams doesn't mind the rewrite, but he regrets something else: no royalties. Russia has never signed an international copyright agreement. The resigned Tennessee says, "I understand they hold the royalties and give them to you when you go there. Then you live in high style."

After wriggling and pouting her way to fame as an oversexed nymphet in the 1962 film *Lolita*, Actress Sue Lyon went through a disastrous marriage. She is now making a comeback as George Hamilton's wife in a new motorcycle epic. She has remarried—this time to



SUE LYON
Remarried.

a struggling Los Angeles photographer named Roland Harrison, 33. Harrison hopes to become a successful freelancer, and his 25-year-old wife hopes to rise above her reputation as screedom's synonym for overheated pubescence.

Since Composer Gian Carlo Menotti launched his Spoleto Festival 14 years ago, *Spoleto* have enjoyed raking in the profits. Menotti began to worry that they were missing the cultural meaning of it all, so he held a meeting and urged them to "make the whole city a festival." The fiesta-fond Italians took him at his word, celebrating Menotti's 60th birthday with brass bands, torchlight processions and 2,000 signed testimonials of affection. Awakened by a rendition of his own *Triple Concerto*, the composer sniffled: "Before this I felt like an ornament. Now I feel like a household utensil, and it's wonderful."

"Scurrilous, slanted, unfair and sensationalized . . . designed to undermine public confidence in me," sizzled FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover after reading an article in the *National Observer*. What particularly irked Hoover was the retelling of an anecdote from former Attorney General Francis Biddle's 1962 book *In Brief Authority*. It seems an FBI agent had gone to tap the telephone of Left-Wing Longshoreman Harry Bridges and dropped an incriminating FBI letterhead during his visit. Biddle and Hoover rushed to the office of President Franklin D. Roosevelt to explain. Tickled, F.D.R. supposedly slapped Hoover on the back and said, "My God, Edgar, that's the first time you've been caught with your pants down." Retorted Hoover: "There never was a time when Mr. Biddle and I were together in the presence of the President."

Since he finished a 17-year prison term in 1969 for robbing a bank, 70-year-old Willie ("The Actor") Sutton has been writing his memoirs and haggling with publishers and film producers. "I'm supposed to have taken \$2,000,000 in my life," he said. "Everyone asks me where it's buried. Well, I haven't got a cent of it." No problem; if the book and film people pick up his option, crime may yet prove profitable.

Actress Greta Garbo has rarely been photographed in the past 30 years. Though Film Director Luchino Visconti has been trying for months to coax her into looking into the cameras as the Queen of Naples in a new film, Garbo has not said yes. On the other hand, she has not said no. Actually, she has said nothing at all—only taken a plane to Nice and tried to dodge a waiting photographer. Unsuccessfully, for a change.



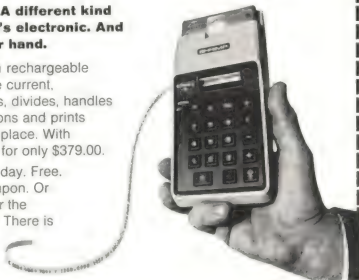
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THE PRESS

Bargaining for a Baby

If any magazine can be considered the personal property of a single man, the *Saturday Review* is Norman Cousins' baby. It reflects his own grab-bag curiosity: a mix of books, music, travel, science, education and communications. Cousins became the *Review's* editor 31 years ago, and later its owner. Ten years ago he sold it to the McCall Corp. but kept total editorial control. Recently, however, Editor Cousins, 56, found himself caught in a game of conglomerate Ping Pong, agonizing over where the *Review* (circ. 650,000) would wind up and whether he could con-

MICHAEL GOODMAN



NORMAN COUSINS

An agonizing game of Ping Pong.

tinue to run it in good conscience. The *Review's* owner—Norton Simon Inc. (Hunt Foods, Canada Dry), which had taken over McCall's—was negotiating with Boise Cascade to sell both the profitable *Review* and the money-losing McCall trade-book operation to Boise's publishing subsidiary, Communications/Research/Machines Inc. CRM puts out the successful *Psychology Today* and *Intellectual Digest*. Cousins claimed he had a verbal repurchase agreement with Simon himself. But nothing was on paper, and both the company and Simon denied that there was any agreement.

Display of Gizzard. Cousins' deep love for the *Review* was evident in his anguished rhetoric. The situation, he said, was "a test of whether a magazine is a property or a living thing. You're dealing with delicate membranes, with people. Can you sell a wife? How do you transfer affection?" Cousins even considered abandoning the *Review* and starting a new magazine to compete with it. But, he reflected, "you can't turn against your own life-style, your own history. It is hard to imagine myself in that kind of public confrontation."

In the end, everything turned out to his satisfaction. The conglomerate negotiations broke down, and CRM Pres-

ident John Veronis and Board Chairman Nicolas Charney quit their positions. With financial help from Louis Marx Jr., son of the toy magnate, and Dan W. Lufkin, a Wall Street broker, they bought the Norton Simon package as individuals for an estimated \$5,000,000. That convinced Cousins he could get along with his new owners. "I rather like this display of gizzard," he said happily. "I can't turn away from anyone who believes in the *Saturday Review* as much as that."

For Veronis and Charney it was a wrench to leave CRM, which they started in 1967 and took to Boise last year. But their separation may be only temporary. "It's only a matter of time," says a CRM executive, "before they'll be back making Boise an offer for CRM."

Again the Pentagon Papers

After the New York *Times* finished printing the ninth and last installment of the Pentagon papers last week, and then quickly published them as a paperback, the main responsible for spreading the documents to newspapers around the U.S. answered some questions. In Washington, Daniel Ellsberg observed that once the Justice Department tried to stop publication in the *Times*, it became "a matter of keeping a paper or so ahead" of the Government's court actions. Some newspapers were favored because Ellsberg thought they had reported Viet Nam to his taste in the past; others were chosen "rather arbitrarily." He picked the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Detroit Free Press* "because my father reads them." From the inside of government, Ellsberg added, it seemed easy to control news; he wanted newspapers to be tougher to deal with. "I think they will be in the future," he said.

In fact, along with continuing dissection of the Pentagon papers, new debate was mounting over whether the press could be faulted for not pinpointing key Administration actions much earlier. It could have, argued Barry Zorthian, president of TIME-LIFE Broadcast, who was the Government's information chief in Saigon from 1964 to 1967. "Most competent journalists in Viet Nam at the time had a knowledge of at least the main points of the Pentagon papers—and in many cases much more," he wrote in the *Times*. "What the correspondents—and their editors—did with this information is quite another question." The Washington *Post's* Richard Harwood called the Pentagon papers "ancient history." Still, they did provide what the correspondents in Saigon could not uncover at the time: a view of the mentality and motives behind decisions made in Washington.

Follow-Up Failure. Freelance Journalist Walter Pincus, writing in New York magazine, blamed the Washington press corps for not taking high officials to task on Indochina policy. Its "fail-

ure to follow up," he declared, assured the Administration "that there was to be no penalty for putting out misleading information." Washington Pamphleteer I.F. Stone praised the press for revealing the Pentagon papers, but added: "We wish they had started earlier." One defense applicable to both press and officialdom came from John Roche in the *New Leader*: "History is a very different thing when you are approaching it head-on rather than with 20-20 hindsight."

Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson insisted that the press should not have printed the papers before checking with Government officials. There is a duty to do so, wrote Acheson on the *Times* Op-Ed page, and quoting Chief Justice Warren Burger, he noted that



DEAN ACHESON

A call for self-restraint.

"this duty rests on taxi drivers, Justices and the New York *Times*." Citing the British system as a good example, Acheson advocated a "Severe Official Secrets Act" and a "self-governing body for the press" to stimulate more "self-restraint." He quoted Samuel Johnson's advice to Boswell not "to think foolishly."

Deathly Silence. The *Times* seldom lets its critics go unanswered, and the next day *Times* Columnist Tom Wicker struck back. To Wicker, it seemed "strange to consider the duties of a Justice, a taxi driver and a newspaper as one and the same." He condemned Acheson for advocating a "formula that would give the Government immensely greater power to make and keep secrets, while the press was policing itself against 'publishing material ethically undesirable.' Samuel Johnson would know what to say to that: 'The mass of every people must be barbarous while there is no printing.'"

Another Op-Ed contributor, Novelist Kurt Vonnegut Jr., called for a ceasefire. With characteristic hyperbole, he compared the U.S. presence in Indochina to the defeated Spanish Armada and pleaded: "Everybody should shut up for a while. Let there be deathly silence as our armada sails home."



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BEHAVIOR

Alpha Wave of the Future

Alone in a semidarkened room, a young woman relaxed in an armchair before a blank screen, three electrodes fixed to her scalp and one grounded to an earlobe. Suddenly a pale blue light flickered on the screen and then steadied: a voice said quietly: "That's alpha."

The voice was that of Neuropsychologist Barbara Brown of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Sepulveda, Calif. She was demonstrating "biofeedback training," a new way of teaching human beings to control the kind of waves their brains emit—in this case, a rhythm called alpha, which usually accompanies a mood of relaxed alertness.

Letting Go. The brain's constant electrical activity produces wave patterns that can easily be measured with an electroencephalograph attached to the scalp. The patterns, recorded by the EEG as tracings on ribbons of paper, come in four main wave lengths: delta (1.5 to 3 cycles per sec.), occurring in sleep; theta (4 to 7 per sec.), linked to creativity; beta (13 to 30 per sec.), identified with mental concentration; and the relaxed alpha (8 to 12 per sec.). It was only in 1929 that German Psychiatrist Hans Berger discovered alpha waves and not until 1958 that experimenters began working with alpha training. A tone or light activated by the EEG tells a trainee when he is producing alpha. Asked to keep the feedback (the tone or light) steady, most people can comply simply by relaxing.

If the system works as well as current research suggests, it may prove a boon for psychology, psychiatry, education and even industry. Already it has spawned a pop-alpha cult of profit-seeking trainers and fervent devotees in search of instant Zen.

The link between alpha and meditative states seems real enough. According to Psychologist Joe Kamiya of San Francisco's Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute, an early pioneer in the field, Zen masters produce more alpha when they are meditating than when they are not, and they are quick to learn how to switch it on and off. Artists, musicians and athletes are also prolific alpha producers; so are many introspective and intuitive persons, and so was Albert Einstein. Alpha researchers report that subjects enjoy what Psychologist Lester Fehmi of the State University of New York at Stony Brook calls the "subtle and ineffable" alpha experience. Its pleasure, theorizes Kamiya, may come from the fact that alpha "represents something like letting go of anxieties."

It is partly this tension-relieving aspect of alpha that makes brain-wave control potentially useful in psychiatry. For example, scientists hope they can help claustrophobics by training them to produce alpha and thus relax in enclosed spaces. In Beaumont, Texas, the Angie

Nail School for problem children has experimented with alpha training to relax stutterers and as a substitute for tranquilizers in hyperactive youngsters. At the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kans., Psychologist Elmer Green is training subjects not to raise but to lower their alpha while increasing theta. In a low-alpha, high-theta state, Green explains, deeply buried unconscious problems sometimes seem to float into awareness.

Alpha may also prove useful in other ingenious ways. Psychologist Thomas Mulholland, president of the Bio-Feedback Research Society, thinks it may



RESEARCHER BROWN TRACING ALPHA
The secret is to relax.

be feasible to develop teaching machines controlled by attention. When concentration is high, alpha is low; notified by proliferating alpha that a child's mind is wandering, the mechanical teacher could win his student back by showing a few attention-getting pictures.

Keeping Secrets. Other researchers believe that in an alpha state a sleep-deprived person may become effective again. Defense Department researchers are said to be toying with the idea that captured U.S. intelligence agents trained to turn on alpha could foul up enemy lie detectors and keep military secrets. In industry, major companies like Xerox and Martin Marietta are investigating biofeedback training to spur creative thinking and reduce executive tension: some are already experimenting with one of the dozen brands of portable brain-wave trainers now available for \$300 or less.

To scientists like Mulholland, commercial alpha machines and the "alpha training institutes" now proliferating on the West Coast attract chiefly "the naive,

the desperate and the superstitious." Machines operated by amateurs may record little more than amplifier noise or scalp twitches. There is still no proof that alpha and special mental powers go together, though the possibility tantalizes even the scientists. The alpha machine is still a long way from becoming Walker Percy's "lapseometer," which allowed Dr. Thomas More in *Love in the Ruins* to probe people's minds. But research is too new for anyone to claim that alpha training is a shortcut to nirvana. Electronic yoga remains a faddist's dream.

Sex on the Phone

As practically everyone knows by now, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—But Were Afraid to Ask* is the title of a bestselling book. Now a brand-new Manhattan service will answer all those questions about sex you are afraid to ask—without demanding the price of a book. By dialing 212-867-9044, bashful callers can get the answer to any question about sex without revealing their names. Started last month by Nurse-Psychologist Ann Welbourne, 28, the Community Sex Information and Education Service Inc. has ten paid staffers with training in sociology and psychology, plus a team of 25 trained volunteers manning telephones from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Initially, calls came at the rate of 70 or 80 a day, but the number has already doubled and is still increasing.

Dispelling Myths. Most of the callers say they are married men. Many ask the same general question that Freud posed—and despaired of answering—several generations ago: "What turns a woman on?" Before offering suggestions, Community Sex volunteers gently try to elicit special circumstances and difficulties. The answer most men want is what to do about premature ejaculation. Other problems raised by both sexes concern anatomy, masturbation, birth control, venereal disease, menopause, and where to get an abortion.

When callers seem to be in serious emotional trouble, they are referred to psychiatric clinics. But most people, according to Nurse Welbourne, have "reality-based problems" easily resolved by dispelling myths with facts. "Our basic philosophy," she explains, "is to be non-judgmental; it's usually a matter of just giving information."

In founding Community Sex, Mrs. Welbourne was inspired by a telephone service for students set up two years ago by Tulane University doctors and social workers. Eventually she hopes to expand the idea to "a walk-in situation where people could come for discussion groups or courses." Meanwhile she is advising people in 60 communities across the country who want to establish similar services, and looking around for "a very humanitarian millionaire" to finance her contribution-supported, non-profit efforts.

MUSIC

Last Trumpet for the First Trumpeter

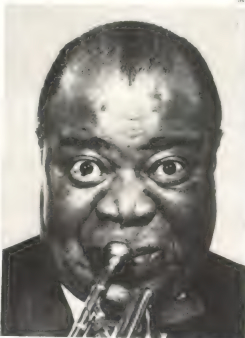
GABRIEL himself might have envied his heaven-splitting, jubilant sound. His glossy face and keyboard-size grin were a national treasure—and a welcome sight in homes that would not dream of entertaining any other member of his race. He was a musical genius, a remarkable technician of the trumpet who went on to even wider fame as a singer. The fact that his voice sounded exactly like a wheelbarrow crunching its way up a gravel driveway made no difference at all. Legends don't need voices.

Louis Armstrong's death last week, two days after his 71st birthday, came as a tragic surprise. In March he had been so ill that it seemed unlikely he would recover. But he did, only recently announcing his return to work (TIME, July 12). His sudden death from heart failure ended a career that spanned the life of jazz. He emerged during its curly days, became the first big star to shine in front of a combo. He paved the road over which virtually every jazzman of any importance would walk to fame thereafter.

When jazz began, America had little music to call its own. There were ballads, popular and folk songs, and some symphonic music by American-born but European-oriented composers. Bubbling in the New Orleans melting pot, however, was a disreputable mix of African, Spanish, French and Protestant revivalist musical influences that would mature into a uniquely American idiom. Black music had wandered away from its African grandparents, picked up a few hymn tunes, worked in fields and on railroads, and been sung to make slavery endurable. Around 1900, in the honky-tonks and warehouses of New Orleans, it became jazz.

Armstrong was born near New Orleans' red-light district on July 4, 1900. Early on, his father decamped with another woman: Mother Armstrong was left on her own. "Whether my mother did any hustling, I cannot say," Armstrong once wrote. "If she did, she certainly kept it out of my sight."

At five he discovered music. The town's most famous honky-tonk dance place, Funky Butt Hall, used to send its band—including Cornettist Buddy Bolden, Trumpeters Bunk Johnson and Joe ("King") Oliver—out on the street to drum up business. Armstrong hung around to listen. By the time he was twelve, he was strolling through the Storyville red-light district singing tenor in a boys' quartet. Taunted one day by a neighborhood tough, he swiped a revolver and charged down Rampart Street,



LOUIS ARMSTRONG IN 1966
A national treasure of jubilant sound.

firing shots into the air. He was caught and shipped off to the Colored Waifs' Home for Boys, where he was entranced by the bugle calls and was set to hanging the tambourine in the school band.

Admired Bad. The teacher soon moved him to drums, then to alto sax, bugle and cornet. After a year, Armstrong, 14, got out and organized his own little band, playing lead cornet. Mainly he worked the district. "One thing I always admired about those bad men in New Orleans," he recalled with a smile, "is that they all liked good music."

Occasionally he wrote songs. One was called *Get Off Katie's Head*. Armstrong always claimed he sold it to a team of publishers for a promised \$50—a small fortune in New Orleans during World War I. Unfortunately, the trusting composer neglected to sign a contract. Equipped with lyrics, the song became famous as *I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate*. "They never did pay me for it, never even put my name on it," said Armstrong. He was chastened by the experience, but he never became a really good businessman. He was more thorough about music. He listened to, and learned from, other jazz artists. "The Original Dixieland Jazz Band and Larry Shields and his bunch—they were the first to record the music I played," he said. He even studied opera singers: "I had Caruso records, too, and Henry Burr, Galli-Curci, Luisa Tetrazzini, they were all my fa-

vorites. And that Irish tenor, John McCormack—beautiful phrasing."

In the early '20s, Armstrong worked on excursion boats up and down the Mississippi River. Then in 1922, Armstrong's idol, Trumpeter Joe Oliver, hired him for his Chicago band. Critics and audience both fell before Armstrong's horn like the walls of Jericho. His tone could be loud and lowdown. It could murmur suggestively or soar upward with an almost heraldic clarity. It had a physical strength that amazed his rivals: Armstrong threw out high C's like a Met soprano. And there was always a teasing syncope and a hint of heartbreak.

Recording companies signed him up, and Armstrong's best cuts came to be regarded as classics. "Ain't nobody played nothing like it since," he said in 1970. "And can't nobody play nothing like it now. My oldest record, can't nobody touch it. I didn't hit no bad notes on any of them." Legend says that Armstrong invented scat singing in 1926; while recording *Heebie Jeebies*, he dropped the sheet music and began ad-libbing nonsense syllables.

All in Fun. Armstrong safeguarded his lips with a preparation that he felt would help keep them firm. "What's the good of having music in your mind if you can't get it past your pucker?" he asked. The extent of his pucker provided him with his nickname, "Satchmo," a contraction of "Satchel Mouth."

He made nearly 2,000 recordings. Many were brilliant: *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Muskrat Ramble*, *Basin Street Blues*, and the inevitable and intoxicating *When the Saints Go Marching In*. Even in the '60s, when Satchmo and his kind of jazz might both have seemed old-fashioned, he took up the title song from *Hello, Dolly!*, touched it with his raspy vocal cords, and made his version a favorite all over the world.

SINGER PEGGY LEE & MOURNERS



Satchmo managed to survive both adulation and wealth without losing his head. On the whole, his minstrel-show appearance and jolly-fat personality made him more popular with whites than with his own race; but if he was loved for the wrong reasons, that never bothered Armstrong. "It's all in fun," he said. "They know I'm there in the cause of happiness." Toward the end of his career, blacks began to accuse him of playing Uncle Tom, forgetting that his style derived from vaudeville, a genre in which both blacks and whites often cultivated an exaggerated Deep South dialect and a toothy, ingratiating grin.

That Note. But Satchmo felt a strong tie with his own. A wealthy man, he lived in a modest (but expensively appointed) house in a deteriorating black neighborhood "to be with my people." He was with them at the end, dying in his sleep at home in Corona, Queens. He lay in state for one day in Manhattan, visited by 25,000 mourners, then was taken back to his own neighborhood for burial. Black and white celebrities—Mayor Lindsay and Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Ella Fitzgerald and Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman and Dick Cavett—sat in the sweltering heat of his local church along with musicians and friends who merely loved him. Peggy Lee sang the Lord's Prayer, and Singer Al Hibbler sang *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*. It was reverent, dignified, respectful. But somehow, one felt that Louis would have been more delighted if—after the last encomiums and ritual blessing—a trumpet had blazed and a proud, strutting, joyous band had marched down the aisle belting out

*Oh, when the Saints go marching in,
Oh, when the Saints go marching in,
I want to be in that number...*

For Louis's legacy was not a message of reverence but of joy. "A note's a note in any language," he used to say. "And if you hit it—beautiful!" Louis hit it.

AT SATCHMO'S FUNERAL



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The offering is made only by the Prospectus

July 1, 1971



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MEDICINE

The Mysteries of Aspirin

Of all the medicines known to man, perhaps none is more widely used than aspirin. Since 1900, the ubiquitous white pills have been taken by the millions to relieve headaches and cold symptoms, help fight fevers and ease the pain of arthritis. But despite its universal use, aspirin remains a mysterious medicine. Though few question that it works, generations of scientists have sought without success to explain how.

Persuasive Proof. Now a group of British researchers have come up with a partial answer. In a series of papers published recently in the scientific journal *Nature*, they report that aspirin and its close pharmaceutical relatives tend to halt the production of prostaglandins, hormone-like substances first discovered in the 1930s. Although their exact role is still incompletely understood, prostaglandins occur in semen, menstrual fluid and a wide variety of human tissues. They are known to be involved with the functions of such diverse structures as the heart, bronchial tubes, blood vessels and stomach.

For several years, doctors have suspected a link between aspirin and the prostaglandins, but the findings of the Britons, who conducted their work at London's Institute of Basic Medical Sciences, provide the first persuasive proof.

In one series of experiments, Dr. John Vane found that aspirin-like drugs impeded the synthesis of a prostaglandin known to cause fever in cats. In another, Dr. Vane and his colleagues Sergio Ferreira and Salvador Moncada found that aspirin blocked the release of prostaglandins in a dog's spleen that had been removed and kept functioning artificially. In a third, Drs. John Brian Smith and Anthony Willis showed that aspirin prevented production of prostaglandins in human blood platelets.

Their discoveries are significant, opening the door not only to a better understanding of these important hormones, but also to the development of new and more effective drugs for such ailments as rheumatic fever and arthritis. They may also open up new fields in the study of human fertility. Prostaglandins are presently being used experimentally to induce abortions. The Britons' new discovery of aspirin's effect on their production may lead to the development of aspirin-like drugs to prevent miscarriage.

Death in Cans

The day had been stifling, so chilled vichyssoise straight from the can seemed like the perfect dish when Bunker Sam Cochran, 61, and his wife Grace, 63, sat down to dinner at their Bedford Vil-

lage, N.Y., home a fortnight ago. But they did not finish their shallow bowls of cold soup. It tasted spoiled, Mrs. Cochran later told their doctor.

Proper Precaution. It was, By 8 the following morning, Cochran complained of double vision. Shortly thereafter, he began to have trouble speaking. By the time he was admitted to a hospital later that afternoon, he had difficulty moving his arms and legs. Shortly before midnight he died. Only after his wife was admitted to the hospital with similar symptoms did doctors, who had not seen a case of the disease in nearly 40 years, suspect that the couple had contracted botulism, a deadly form of food poisoning. Mrs. Cochran, though in critical condition at week's end, may still be saved by the antitoxin that was rushed to her from an out-of-town laboratory.

Meanwhile, state and federal health authorities identified the soup as the source of the poison and ordered the recall of all products prepared by Bon Vivant Soups, Inc. of Newark, N.J. The task is proving complicated. The company processes 4,000,000 cans of food a year—mostly soup—under its own name plus 34 other labels. Some of the cans bearing such well-known brand names as Gristede's, S.S. Pierce and Marshall Field are in fact Bon Vivant products.

The precaution, however, was well taken. Of the first 324 cans of Bon Vivant vichyssoise recalled and tested, five



WHEELCHAIR PATIENTS & RAISED POOLS

Playground for The Handicapped

UNABLE to run, climb or swing, most handicapped children can usually do little at a playground but watch wistfully as others enjoy themselves. But young patients at New York University Medical Center's Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine should now find their wheelchairs and crutches less hindrance to having fun. A new playground for them, and a model for other institutions like theirs, has been built with funds provided by the Office of Economic Opportunity. The 120-ft. by 40-ft. area contains an artificial waterfall under which the youngsters can walk or ride, a grassy knoll up which they can crawl, and a periscope through which they can peer over the fence. Shallow pools are set waist high so that wheelchair patients can bathe their dolls or sail their boats, and a huge foam-rubber mattress cushions a play pit for the more disabled. To give the children the experience of height, the park's designers have created a pair of redwood tree houses in real trees, reached by ramps from the ground. In one tree house, the youngsters will find a curved, enclosed slide that will give them a safe but exciting ride before it deposits them gently in the grass.



RAMP LEADING TO TREEHOUSE



Toyota introduces a hardtop. For times when you wish you had a station wagon.

THE NEW CORONA HARDTOP has a back seat that gets out of the way when you need more room.

Just fold it down. And long, clumsy items fit right through the trunk into the spot where the back seat was. Altogether, you get almost six and a half feet of continuous cargo space.

While the Corona gives you plenty of open space, it also comes pretty well filled. With

extras that don't set you back a cent.

A front passenger seat that flips down and slides forward all by itself. So you can get in and out of the back a lot easier.

Power brakes with front discs.

Fully reclining bucket seats.

Snap-out nylon carpeting.

Locking glove box. Plenty of

convenience lights. Trouble

light. Tinted windows.

Whitewalls. Wheel covers.

Chrome trim. Bumper guards.

And even a can of touch-up

paint.

Under the hood the Corona has a 108-horsepower overhead

cam engine that lets you cruise at 85 mph, yet still squeeze about 25 miles from each gallon of gas.

So you see, when you buy a Corona you get a roomy, practical, powerful hardtop.

Or is it a station wagon?

TOYOTA

We're quality oriented

We have a way to find out what's really going on in the other 3/4 of the world.

Why is the weather a favorite topic of conversation? What else can we do besides talk about it?

One thing we know for sure is where most of our weather comes from: the seas around us.

It is too costly to put weathermen in the world's oceans. That was the problem: to find a less expensive way to put information-gathering devices in the oceans where they would provide data for more accurate weather predictions.

Under contract with the U.S. Navy's Office of Naval Research, we began work on this important project. Was it possible to station a buoy in the ocean and have it report to meteorologists on shore?

To do its job, the buoy would have to have more than 100 sensors for gathering oceanographic and meteorological data for transmission to shore command. The buoy would have to be moored in deep ocean, in depths to 20,000 feet.

Finally, it would have to operate routinely in 150-knot winds, 10-knot currents, and 60-foot breaking waves.

In short, besides gathering weather information, the buoy would have to withstand storms that even the *Queen Elizabeth II* would run from.

A working all-steel hull was built.

This station went to sea in October, 1964. It was moored

Antenna relays information from the ocean station to on-shore control, up to 3,000 miles away.

Devices are mounted atop the mast to measure wind, humidity, rain, solar radiation and barometric pressure.

The hull is forty feet in diameter and seven-and-a-half feet deep. It weighs 100 tons.

The entire station is built to operate unattended for a full year, and can be serviced at sea.

Attached to the hull, other instruments measure wave height and current velocity.

The pie-plate shape of this hull will withstand winds of 150 knots and waves of 60 feet. The hull rode out Hurricane Betsy in 1965.

Below the surface, more devices are placed on the mooring lines to measure water temperature and salinity.

Inside, electronic equipment gathers and stores information from 100 different sensors for transmission to shore.



in the middle of the Gulf Stream, off the Florida Coast, in a hurricane lane.

The station carried environmental sensors to see what a hurricane would do to the buoy.

In calm seas, the buoy worked to our fullest expectations. The most physical test of the system was to come.

In September, 1965, the eye of Hurricane Betsy passed within fifty miles of the station.

Waves were 45 feet high. Wind speed averaged 80 miles per hour. Gusts as high as 110 miles an hour.

Through this punishing storm the buoy functioned routinely.

Today, ocean data stations are operated off our east coast by the Commerce Department's National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. Next year, additional stations will be in service in the Gulf of Mexico to monitor the hurricane season. In the future, a network of these stations could

form a major part of a worldwide weather watch.

This is the kind of data ocean stations send back:

Meteorological data on wind speed and direction, barometric pressure, air temperature, relative humidity, precipitation and solar radiation.

Oceanographic data on ocean current, direction and speed, water temperature, salinity and surface wave profile.

By knowing the exact water temperature a thousand miles away, we'll know better whether a storm will bring snow or rain when it reaches land.

One way or another, this information will benefit everyone. For instance, by helping tell when to plant and harvest, schedule a vacation, even locate fish.

Because of the buoy's capabilities, the U.S. Coast Guard decided to use it as an unmanned navigation aid. So far, our Electro Dynamic Division has outfitted seven of them and the Coast Guard is using them to replace lightships, at a great reduction in operating costs.

Navigation buoys are on sta-

tion now off the entrances of New York and San Francisco harbors, in Delaware Bay, and off the English Coast, among other places.

Off our busy harbors, these navigation buoys could form networks of traffic sensors reporting to onshore stations and helping control ships in and out of ports.

Because we could put so many technologies together, we could put together the weather and navigation stations.

They're typical of something else at General Dynamics. Our people develop new technologies for specific needs. Then someone else in the company finds other uses for those technologies.

It's happening in all sectors of our business, in defense and in our growing commercial markets. It happens in marine systems, it also happens in aerospace, shipbuilding, telephone systems, electronics and natural resources.

It explains why we're a company that keeps doing things no one's been able to do before.



Prototype weather station off Florida.



Potential ocean station network.



Navigation buoy off the English Coast.

GENERAL DYNAMICS



You can't replace a \$30,000 house with \$20,000 worth of insurance.

If you haven't increased the value of your homeowners insurance recently, you may be seriously under-insured. Inflation has upped the value of the average house by 43% over the past ten years.

See a State Farm agent about insuring your home and your

possessions for what they're worth today with no worry about tomorrow... because a special inflation coverage feature automatically increases the amount your policy pays, as inflation continues to boost the cost of things. We're the world's largest home insurer. We protect

you from loss by fire, tornado, burglary, vandalism and more.

State Farm Fire and Casualty Company, Home Office, Bloomington, Illinois.

For your home, your life, your health and your car—State Farm is all you need to know about insurance.

**State Farm
inflation-coverage
Homeowners
Insurance**



ENVIRONMENT



FDA BIOLOGIST TESTING VICHYSSOISE
Laced with a treacherous toxin.

were found to be contaminated. A number of others had telltale bulges, which often but not always signal the presence of botulinum toxin, one of the most deadly poisons known to man. (One ounce of the poison is enough to kill the entire population of the U.S.) The toxin is produced by the hard-shelled spores of the *Clostridium botulinum* bacteria, which lie dormant in the soil but flourish in the airless environment of canned foods when they are improperly processed. Heating at 212° for five hours or at 240° for 30 minutes is sufficient to kill the bacteria during the canning process. But occasionally food is unsufficiently heated, particularly during home canning. (The FDA investigation seemed to point to insufficient heating procedures, but Bon Vivant has not yet given an explanation.) Since 1960, there have been 78 outbreaks of botulism in the U.S. and 182 individual cases, of which 42 proved fatal. Twenty-six of the deaths were caused by home-canned foods.

Preventable Poison. Botulism, however, need not be fatal if diagnosed in time and treated promptly. Supplies of antitoxin against the three main types of botulin poisoning known to affect humans are stockpiled at the U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. Authorities warn that the antitoxin should be administered only after certain diagnosis since panicky patients who are suffering from other forms of food poisoning can have dangerous or even fatal reactions to it. They add that botulism need not be contracted at all. Because bringing food to a boil destroys the odorless and usually tasteless toxin, health authorities recommend that consumers take this precaution before serving canned foods, and refrain from tasting until they have done so.

A Lemon Named Big Allis

Almost exactly a year ago, the Consolidated Edison supergenerator known as "Big Allis" short-circuited, melting her metal insides and reducing Con Ed's electric power supply to New York City by 14%. "Brownouts" followed—reductions of power that dimmed lights and left New Yorkers chagrined. Con Ed engineers toiled on the generator, built by Allis-Chalmers, round the clock. After six months and 80,000 man-hours of work, Big Allis was "on line." But not for long. Within 87 minutes she sarked out for four more months.

Tripping Out. Last week, after only 35 days of operation, Big Allis in the jargon of power engineers "tripped out" again—and again corridors darkened in many Manhattan buildings as residents tried to conserve power for such needs as air conditioning and elevators. After the million-kilowatt generator shut herself down, Con Ed reduced power to the city by 5% and purchased power from utilities in the eastern U.S. and Canada to make up for the shortage. New Yorkers alternately worried with affection about Big Allis and cursed the day they became dependent on her.

What caused the breakdown in Con Ed's most sophisticated piece of generating equipment? Engineers say Big Allis shut down because she was vibrating due to a faulty bearing connected to her high-pressure turbine. Though they have discovered the problem, they do not know why the bearing failed.

It is possible that the six-year-old, \$168 million generator keeps breaking down because she simply is too big and too complicated. After the 1970 trip-out, for example, engineers had to remove each of the 188,000 layers of sheet iron composing Allis' 325-ton stator, which surrounds the rotor, then

rebuild the stator in an air-conditioned, dust-free enclosure, because of the sensitivity of the equipment.

Joseph Swidler, chairman of the New York State Public Service Commission, has a simpler suggestion for the cause of Big Allis' ills: "It's a lemon."

Round 2 at Amchitka

Environmentalists predicted earthquakes or other disasters when the Atomic Energy Commission exploded a one-megaton nuclear device on Alaska's Amchitka Island in 1969. In fact, the feared mishap did not occur. Now the AEC is back for another round, and so are the environmentalists.

Last week a group called the Committee for Nuclear Responsibility, with headquarters in Washington, D.C., and co-chaired by Nuclear Physicist John Gofman, former U.S. Senator Charles Goodell and New York Post Leonore Marshall, brought suit in Washington's U.S. district court against the AEC. The suit noted that the underground tests, to be detonated on Amchitka in October, will be five times more powerful than the 1969 blast. It charged that such an explosion would do irreparable harm to the environment and asked the court to stop the test.

Radioactive Leaks. Specifically, the committee and its seven co-plaintiffs (including the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, and SANF) claim that the blast may trigger "a succession of earthquakes" (fault lines run from Alaska through Southern California), tsunamis or earthquake-produced tidal waves of "unpredictable size and direction," contaminate the surrounding ocean with radioactive materials and leak poisonous debris into the atmosphere.

This debris, say the plaintiffs, could travel outside the U.S., thus violating the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty of 1963. Even if no materials escape initially from the 6,150-ft.-deep shafts, they argue, later seismic action could shake them loose. Most serious is the claim that the AEC has in fact broken the law by not filing an adequate environmental-impact statement on the test as required by the 1969 National Environmental Policy Act.

The AEC argues that the test, on which \$167 million has been spent thus far, will not harm the environment; further, it is vital to the development of weapons for the nation's defense. While radioactive debris has escaped from 68 of 253 underground nuclear tests held in Nevada, AEC officials contend that no leaks have been recorded for tests of more than 200 kilotons. On the other hand, they admit that water contaminated with radioactive tritium could seep through open rock to the Bering Sea and the Pacific Ocean any time within three to 1,000 years. Such uncertainty hardly reassured the concerned environmentalists.



CHARING BY ALAN COOK © 1970
THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE INC.

"And now a prayer for Con Ed
to keep those kilowatts rolling."

THE THEATER

Pick of the Summer

Between Memorial Day and Labor Day every year, some 5,000,000 visitors pour into Manhattan. An unknown number of these attend the theater, and another unknown number are asked as soon as they get back home: "What shows did you see?"

Quite a few will go to no-shows at all, some by choice, others deterred by old wives' tales. One myth is that the show you would like to see is sold out. Not true. There are only two sellouts, *No, No, Nanette* and *Sleuth*, and even in these instances a last-minute check at the box office may net you tickets. Another myth has it that the streets around the theaters are bristling with danger. Nonsense. Every single night, thousands upon thousands of playgoers attend theaters on Broadway and down to off-off-Broadway's remotest reaches without being mugged. A far more realistic danger is that a show may have deteriorated badly since its glowing opening-night reviews. What with cast changes and the failure of producers or directors to maintain vigilant spot-checks, some shows are not remotely up to the mark. A glaring and appalling case in point is *Hair*, which is a lamentable travesty of what it once was. The performers are sloppy, inept and totally self-indulgent, and the amplification system is an auditory torture that the Nazis might have envied.

Herewith, listed alphabetically and with number of performances to date, the best values New York has to offer:

COMPANY (498). If a thing of beauty is a joy forever, *Company* is just such a joy. As the bachelor about town touring the troubled marriages of his old friends and sampling the dubious favors of swinging singles, Larry Kert is a delight, a marvelously expressive singer and actor. Jane Russell has replaced Elaine Stritch in a key role, and while Russell doesn't have the acerbic singing voice of Stritch, neither did Stritch have the opulent good looks of Russell. **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** (2,844). On July 21, this endearing folkfest will replace *Hello, Dolly!* as the longest-running musical in Broadway history, and it eminently merits the honor. As Tevye, Paul Lipson is a warm, strong father figure, perplexed and bedeviled by his daughters and his God, but not about to be squelched by either.

FOLLIES (120). A work of art, rich, various, strange, hauntingly compelling. To float through time in the fragile, foolish bark of the self, and see life through the bifocal lenses of 20 and 50 simultaneously—that is the amazing achievement of this Proustian musical.

GODSPELL (72). A group of attractive, energetic and convivially winning youngsters bring the Jesus revolution to the New York theater. There is a sweet grav-



LARRY KERT & CAST IN "COMPANY"



ALEXIS SMITH IN "FOLLIES"
CAST OF "LONG DAY'S JOURNEY"



ity behind all the funmaking; and while some may find the occasion irreverent, others will feel that the early followers of Christ must have shared some of this springtime zeal and ebullience.

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL LIVING IN PARIS (1,447). Without being present, Brel dominates this show. His music and personality are in the tradition of Piaf, Aznavour and Sinatra. His songs reach your ear, but his life reaches your heart. The quartet of performers invariably seem to be inspired by Brel, and some people have seen this show more than 30 times. A crystalline and incandescent evening.

LENNY (61). Lenny Bruce had his unappetizing characteristics, but taking sex and scatology as his texts, he hurled thunderbolts of laughter at moral and social hypocrisy, and enlarged the scope of freedom. In the title role, Cliff Gorman gives a Herculean performance.

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT (81). To see a splendid revival of the finest play ever written by a U.S. dramatist ought to be a sufficient lure, in and of itself. O'Neill painted an enduring portrait of his own tragic family history, using the primary colors of love, anger and compassion. As the mother, Geraldine Fitzgerald gives a performance that is etched in the bloodlines of life.

NO, NO, NANETTE (204). Long, long ago, it used to be said that good Americans went to Paris when they died. Nowadays they go to *No, No, Nanette*. It's a nice place to expire—with nostalgia, laughter and the ultimate in escapist foofaraw. One can only hope that they gild Ruby Keeler's shoes for the Hoofers' Hall of Fame and vote Patsy Kelly the Most Amusingly Insolent Maid of the Century. To Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Vain, let's just say, "Thou swell." **OH! CALCUITTI!** (974). Fig leaves are for figs as far as this show is concerned. It is as funny as oldtime burlesque, but far barer and much more chic.

PURLIE (562). Anyone who has ever been to an evangelistic revival meeting will instantly grasp the tempo, rhetoric and fervor of this show. When these people "rock church," they really rock church. Cleavon Little is a kinetic preacherman, and 22-year-old Patti Jo is as much of a superfind as her predecessor, Melba Moore, and equally beguiling.

SLEUTH (284). This is the kind of thoroughly satisfying mystery thriller that comes along about as rarely as total eclipses of the sun. It is British, literate, wildly funny, and spiced with an edgy, menacing duel of wits and wills. In the lead roles, Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter are smashingly good.

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS (478). Cremation is not confined to the dead. There are families in which people burn each other to a crisp daily, and dance with desolate glee in the ashes. This is a masterly play about such a family. As the mother, Carolyn Coates is laceratingly cruel and pitifully vulnerable.

—T.E. Kalem

BRING US THE BEST DEAL A GM, FORD OR CHRYSLER DEALER WILL GIVE YOU ON A CAR. WE'LL GIVE YOU A BETTER ONE.

The 1972 cars are on their way now, and to make room for them every car dealer is offering you good deals on a car.

But before you take advantage of anybody's good deal, we'd like to ask you to shop around.

Compare the Maverick, Duster and Comet with our Hornet. Consider our Gremlin against the Pinto and Vega. Or do the same with any of our other cars. The Ambassador, Matador, Javelin or Sportabout.

You'll find that model our cars offer you more than most of the competition. Either in terms of styling, roominess, horsepower, or whatever.

You'll find that even without the promise of a better price, our cars are really a better deal.

Maybe all this is more than you expect from a car dealer.

But if you had to compete with GM, Ford and Chrysler dealers, what would you do?

The Sportabout. It's not so much a compact wagon as it is a sporty car with cargo space.

The Hornet comes with a bigger standard engine and bigger trunk than the Maverick, Duster or Comet. But lists for less.

The Gremlin has a bigger standard engine than the Pinto or Vega, but still gets up to 23 mpg.



We made the Javelin the sportiest looking car in America even at the risk of scaring some people off.

AMERICAN MOTORS DEALERS

See your Yellow Pages for your nearest American Motors dealer.

THE LAW

OSCAR WILSON OF FIRE ARMS



ANDREW WYETH PORTRAIT OF AN OLDSER
The right not to suffer.

Dilemma in Dying

Weak and in agony, Carmen Martinez, 72, pleaded for the right to a peaceful death. Hospitalized in Hialeah, Fla., for almost two months, she had a fatal form of hemolytic anemia, a blood disease. The treatment that was keeping her alive involved surgical incisions into her withered veins so that almost continual blood transfusions could be forced in. "Please don't torture me any more," she begged her doctor, Rolando López. Many doctors routinely, if quietly, withhold life-preserving treatment when they determine that its only effect will be to prolong the agony of dying. But Dr. López was concerned that he might be charged with aiding and abetting a suicide on the one hand, or treating a patient against her will on the other. He took his problem to court.

The Right to Die. Judge David Potter was no less torn by the dilemma. U.S. law has not really resolved the issue, though criminal prosecutions against doctors are rare and heavy sentences rarer still. Unable to find any precedent to guide him, Judge Potter concluded that the law clearly opposes suicide but, just as clearly, Mrs. Martinez's treatment seemed as bad as her disease. "I can't decide whether she should live or die; that's up to God," said the judge. But, he added, "a person has a right not to suffer pain. A person has the right to live or die in dignity." With a somewhat calculated indirection, he therefore ruled that Mrs. Martinez could not be forced to accept any treatment that was painful.

The transfusions were stopped. Last week, one day after the court decision, Mrs. Martinez found the peaceful death she had sought.

Turnabout Trials

The judging of judges is generally a neglected task. Lawyers tend to shun it—at least publicly—because they may later have to appear before the very judge they criticize. Fellow judges are not anxious to question the performance of a colleague, and the press rarely pays attention to any but the most flagrant judicial transgressions. Nonetheless, in three disparate instances at home and abroad, the competence, propriety and qualifications of judges have been called into question:

► Chicago's magistrates have long been known as "precinct captain-judges," meaning that they handle relatively minor judicial matters and usually earn their renewable one-year appointments through loyal service to the Democratic and Republican political machines. No one minded much until a new state constitution, adopted last December, automatically elevated all Illinois magistrates in office on July 1, 1971, to associate circuit court judgeships—complete with four-year terms, a salary raise from \$23,000 to \$32,500 and considerably expanded judicial responsibility. Appalled at the potential impact on the administration of justice, the activist Chicago Council of Lawyers set out to review the magistrates' qualifications. On the basis of interviews with hundreds of lawyers, the council concluded that only two magistrates were fully qualified to be judges; 14 more were better than the rest, though they were not endorsed; insufficient information on another nine made judgment impossible; and 82 were deemed "clearly unqualified" on varying grounds that included competence, character, judicial temperament, respect for the rule of law, or age. Singling out ten mag-

istrates judged to be among the most "flamboyantly" awful of all, the council's report recorded a series of scathing opinions. "Difficult to believe he had ever attended law school," it said of one. "A loudmouth, show-off, vicious, vindictive bully," was one lawyer's judgment on another magistrate. On still another: "Ignorant, arbitrary, contemptuous of those who appear before him and highly bigoted against various groups, especially blacks." The more Establishment-minded Chicago Bar Association, by contrast, found only 38 of the magistrates unqualified and 69 fit to be raised to associate judgeships. Two weeks ago, despite their trial by opinion, 101 of the magistrates, plus nine new ones, duly took their new positions as associate judges. Only six were removed from office for lack of qualifications.

► In Boston, the issue of judicial propriety v. a judge's private right to speak out on public issues is being tested in the case of Massachusetts Judge George A. Sullivan Jr. After considerable soul searching about the U.S. involvement in Viet Nam, he came to the conclusion that he could "no longer accept that keeping silent is 'being a loyal American.'" In my opinion, my silence is aiding and abetting a felony." As a result, he joined 3,000 other demonstrators in a peaceful but admittedly illegal sit-in last May to stop Government workers from getting to their jobs at Boston's John F. Kennedy Federal Building. He was not arrested (though 115 others were), but he was spotted in the crowd. A complaint was filed with the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, which referred the matter to its complaints committee. When the committee reports, Judge Sullivan might be officially reprimanded or suspended from his \$25,000-a-year job. His critics question whether a judge can command respect for the law if he breaks it, and

KOFLER (FOREGROUND) IN COURT



AS A YOUTH (CENTER)



TIME, JULY 19, 1971

how impartially he could preside at a case of any accused demonstrator that might come before him. Judge Sullivan argues that he has a private responsibility as a citizen. "Don't talk to me about impropriety," he says. "The time has come for the adult population to be outraged and not wrapped up with propriety." Moreover, he adds, "because of a judge's knowledge and respect for the law and because of his primary responsibility to uphold the Constitution, a judge has a special obligation to draw attention to the lawlessness of this war."

► In Vienna, a criminal court has the highly unusual task of judging a judge accused of falsifying his law-school degrees. For 20 years and more than 1,000 cases Austrian Judge Dr. Karl Kofler, 49, had a creditable judicial career. Then he lodged a slander charge against a lawyer who had criticized him. The lawyer, Rudolf Pippan, got mad and, as he put it, "began listening to local gossip" that Herr Dr. Kofler might not be all he said he was. Indeed, evidence gathered first by Pippan and then by the Austrian Ministry of Justice and a West German archivist from Bonn suggested that Kofler was not even close to being what he said he was. Appointed to a judgeship in the postwar chaos of 1947, Kofler had documented his qualifications with photostats of copies of various certificates and diplomas from the German universities of Königsberg (now Kaliningrad, U.S.S.R.) and Breslau (now Wrocław, Poland). Witnesses pointed out that the University of Breslau granted its last doctorate as a German university a month before the date on Kofler's degree. His law-school certificate bore significant differences from the formal language used at the time and was signed with the name of an apparently fictitious dean. As for his high school record, various classmates and teachers testified that he had left school after two unsuccessful efforts to finish the second year. When the prosecution claimed that a close friend of Kofler's had tried to bribe a witness to testify that Kofler had served as an assistant judge in Poland, Kofler collapsed from a heart attack. The trial is now in recess, but the Austrian Supreme Judicial Court has already cleared up one urgent question—and probably saved the courts years of work—by upholding in a test case one of Kofler's earlier verdicts. Its reasoning: it is not learning that makes a judge, but his formal nomination by the federal President. Indeed, Kofler's decisions were seldom reversed on appeal, and though known as arrogant and overbearing, he showed intelligence and insight in assessing testimony in criminal cases. Had he not been promoted from a county court to a criminal court, he might never have been found out. But if the allegedly unlearned Kofler is now convicted of falsifying his documents, his penalty for two decades of illegal legalizing could be five to ten years in prison.

Harvey Wallbanger is taking Bloody Mary's place at brunch.

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A close-up, color photograph of a man wearing a white cowboy hat and a dark vest over a light blue shirt. He is looking down and to the right, holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. The background is dark and out of focus.

Marlboro Red
or Longhorn 100's—
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**Come to where
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Kings, 20 mg "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine—
100's, 22 mg "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 70

SPORT



TREVINO KNEELS, ROLLS & STARES IN DISBELIEF AT HOLING 8-FT. BIRDIE PUTT

Lee Trevino: Cantinflas of the Country Clubs

IF the galleries at last week's British Open learned anything, it was: Don't mess with Supermex, otherwise known as Lee Trevino. Teamed with Britain's own Tony Jacklin in the third round, the gritty little Texan reacted to the crowd's partisan booing with typical *machismo*: "That only makes me fight harder." Fight he did. Scrambling as he had been doing all week, he started off the final round with four birdies on the first nine holes to take a seemingly insurmountable five-stroke lead. Then, on the treacherous 17th hole on the rolling moonscape of the Royal Birkdale Golf Club, he ran afoul of one of the crater-like traps and took a double bogey. That left him just one stroke ahead of Formosa's surprising Liang Huan Lu.

Now it was time to fight some more. After lofting his 6-iron shot onto the fringe of the 18th green, he putted to within 18 in. of the cup and holed out a birdie four to win with four consecutive sub-par rounds: 69, 70, 69 and 70. In the short span of one month, Lee Buck Trevino—Mexican-American, grade-school dropout, ex-Marine sergeant and all-round hustler—had become the first golfer in history to win the British, Canadian and U.S. Opens in the same year. "Now," he cried, "maybe they'll consider me a good international player!"

There was never much doubt of it back home. True, when Trevino first came out of nowhere to win his first U.S. Open in 1968, many dismissed him as a one-shot upstart. Who, after all, had ever heard of a Chicano champion—a Chicano, moreover, who had learned the game by gambling with easy marks on a Texas pitch-and-putt course? Who could believe a pro golf titlist who looked like a hacker and talked like a hustler?

Yet in the seasons since, swaggering

down the fairways, wearing gaudy red socks and a grin as wide as the Rio Grande, Trevino has captured the fancy of the fans—and the purses of the Professional Golfers' Association. Since that first U.S. Open triumph, he has won more money (\$597,461) and finished among the top ten in more tournaments (79) than any other golfer on the tour. With official P.G.A. earnings of \$196,000 so far this season—the \$13,200 he won in the British Open is not included in P.G.A. money rankings—he is a cinch to break Billy Casper's 1968 record of \$205,000. Trevino plans to play in at least eight to ten more tournaments this year, which means that he can conceivably earn more than \$300,000 in prize money. "You can call me a Spaniard now," he says, "because who ever heard of a rich Mexican?"

Smacking and Wisecracking

It will not be easy to win any or all of the upcoming tournaments, Golf.com's perennial Big Four—Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player and Billy Casper—are still potent, and the sport has a host of other aggressive young stars (see box) who in any given week can run off with the big money. Clearly, though, no other golfer is about to match Trevino's record in 1971. At 31, he is in his prime—and is working through the hottest streak of his career. In addition to finishing among the top five money winners in nine of his last 11 tournaments, he is leading the pack in the race for the Vardon Trophy, which goes to the pro golfer who averages the fewest strokes per round.

Still another test was Trevino's performance last month in the 1971 U.S. Open at the Merion Golf Club on Philadelphia's Main Line. Three strokes off the pace in the first round, Trevino then rallied to tie Jack Nicklaus after

72 holes. At the start of their 18-hole play-off, Trevino playfully tossed a rubber snake at his startled opponent. Then—smacking gum and wisecracking with the crowd—he jauntily outshot the Golden Bear by three strokes to win the Open for the second time. As Supermex put it when he accepted the trophy: "I think it was Walter Hagen who said, 'Any man can win one Open, but it takes a great player to win two.'"

Great? That Trevino undoubtedly is. The greatest? Many of the touring pros would vote for Nicklaus, who can out-drive Trevino by 30 yds. and win any tournament when he puts his total game together. Most colorful? Most popular? From the public, there is no argument. That became dramatically apparent at the recent Canadian Open in Montreal. As Arnold Palmer stepped up to the

TREVINO COAXING A PUTT AT BRITISH OPEN



tenth tee, an official on the adjacent first tee announced: "Now on the tee, the U.S. Open champion, Señor Lee Trevino!" Just like that, several hundred spectators deserted Arnie's Army, for years pro golf's largest entourage, to join the happy, noisy throng called Lee's Fleas.

Larger than Life

Trevino rewarded his fans with a scrambling finish reminiscent of the Palmer of old. Six strokes off the pace after the first round, Lee pitched in a 105-yd. sand wedge for an eagle and holed a 35-ft. birdie putt on the final day of play to tie 47-year-old Art Wall for first place. Then, on the first hole of the sudden-death play-off, he coolly knocked in a snaking 18-ft. birdie to win the \$30,000 first prize.

Golf has always had its share of distinctive, larger-than-life personalities: Terrible Tommy Bolt, the late Champagne Tony Lema, Daiquiri Doug Sanders. None of them, though, ever had Trevino's mix of fun and finesse—or his earthy, egalitarian appeal. A country-club Cantinflas, he will stick his tongue

out once a year, and Lee is the ring-master and clown rolled into one."

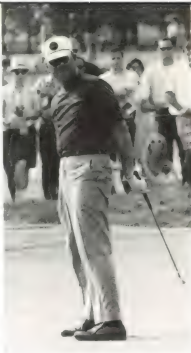
In a game that demands the concentration of a watchmaker, Trevino confesses that "the only time I stop yakking is when I'm asleep." A methodical player like Nicklaus will go an entire round without uttering a word. Lee the Lip chatters before, after and sometimes even during a shot. "You know," he will say as he tees up, "I've got to be the only Mexican"—*thwack* goes his drive down the fairway—"who's never been in a detention home. I just never got caught." On another hole, he will announce: "Five years ago, I was teeing up on dirt. Now I've got tees"—*thwack*—"with my name on 'em." Orville Moody, one of Trevino's close friends on the tour, recalls how Lee shocked an unsuspecting gallery in Singapore when they were teamed in the 1969 World Cup matches. As Lee lined up a 20-ft. putt, the customary funeral hush fell over the crowd. Slowly, deliberately, he drew back his putter and then suddenly said, "With a million-dollar swing like mine"—*tap*—"I can't miss." He didn't.

Trevino's high jinks tend to obscure the excellence of his somewhat unorthodox style. Pointing his feet to the left and swinging to the right, he has a flat chopping stroke that sends his drives off the tee like sharp singles to center field. Dead center field, that is. No power hitter, he makes up in accuracy what he lacks in distance. "The only time Lee's off the fairway," says Archer, "is when he's answering the phone." As for his short game, few if any of the pros surpass his skill at, as he puts it, "dropping the ball on the Governor's lawn." Once there, he puts like a pool shark. "My swing's not much," he says, "but it's good for a short fat man." Then, smiling slyly, he adds, "Say, it's worked for a while, hasn't it?"

Part Showman, Part Salesman

Shambling along a fairway, the short fat man often looks more like one of the galleryites—which explains in part why he has become the duffers' delight. "I've got a lot of people rooting for me," says Trevino, "because there's more poor people than rich people. You look at my galleries. You'll see tattoos. Plain dresses. I represent the guy who goes to the driving range, the municipal player, the truck driver, the union man, the guy who grinds it out. To them, I am someone who worked hard, kept at it and made it. Sure, I go out of my way to talk to them. They're my people."

Trevino's people are taking to the fairways in record numbers. Once the pastime of the privileged, golf is played today by 12 million Americans on more than 10,000 courses. When the pros arrive in town, duffers stand ten deep to see how Casper cocks his elbow on the backswing or Player plants his feet for an uphill lie. Since an average of 10 million viewers watch the weekend tournaments on TV, today's pro golfer must



CASPER SURVEYING

be part showman and part salesman for one of the fastest-growing sports in the U.S. No one is more aware of that fact than Lee Trevino: "You won't catch me criticizing a gallery. I don't care if they scream their heads off, because they pay my way out here."

Not all the pros appreciate the way Trevino courts the crowds. "All the world loves a loudmouth," says one image-conscious veteran. "But sometimes Lee can be so coarse"—a reference to Trevino's predilection for jokes about "hoosie and brouds." Most players agree, however, that he may be one of the best things to happen to golf since the steel-shafted club. "He sure brings the people in," says Frank Beard. After one tournament, Beard recalls, he saw Trevino "packing up his car, wearing his cowboy hat and his cowboy boots. I couldn't help noticing that he had more people watching him load his car than I'd had watching me shoot my 66."

Beard, a stern-faced tactician on the course, does not think that the roles of comedian and champion are compatible. "Trevino is a tremendous golfer," he says, "but nobody can tell me that a player can keep up a constant conversation with the gallery and talk to himself on the backswing and still produce his best golf." Trevino disagrees. "I'm out there to have some fun and win some money." That he does both with such stylish ease is tribute to his philosophy of the game: "Stay loose." A friend explains: "Lee's secret is that when he has to, he can approach a difficult shot laughing, turn on the concentration, hit the ball and then go off laughing again. It may not look like he's concentrating, but he is."

Trevino's no-sweat image belies his devotion to the game. On his first day



NICKLAUS GRIMACING

out at an errant shot, coax in a putt with a burlesque-queen bump or break into an impromptu toreador waltz with an attacking bee. Lee's Fleas delight in his wisecracks (Flea: "Nice shot!" Lee: "What did you expect from the U.S. Open champion—ground balls?"). They love his catch phrases ("Black is beautiful, but brown is cute") and his apologies for cussing ("Excuse me, lady, I thought you was a tree"). Says 1969 Masters Champion George Archer: "The tour is like a big circus that pulls into

at the 1968 Masters, he played 36 practice holes, followed that with nine holes on a pitch-and-putt course and then, after a shower, ended at midnight on a par-three course, going another nine holes in sports coat and alligator shoes. Prior to last year's British Open, he spent eight full days hitting 600 to 700 practice shots a day learning how to hook the smaller English ball. "I play every day," he says. "Even if I'm taking some time off, I'm out there beating balls. You got to hit the ball in this game until your hands bleed."

Trevino takes little time off: this season he is playing in more tournaments than any other top pro. Nicklaus, for one, thinks that could be harmful to Lee's game. "Right now," he says, "Lee's like a kid a few years out of college—it's go, go, go. But in a couple of years, he'll have to learn to pace himself or he'll burn himself out." Trevino pays no heed. "You have to remember," he says, "that I'm only playing four golf for four years. I have a lot of ground to make up. I'll play 'em all, whether it's the Canadian Bacon Open or the Screen Door Open. If the money's there, I'll play on a gravel road."

Too Poor to Care

Trevino's desire to "buy a big hunk of life for me and my kids" is a drive born of deprivation. He does not know who his father was and has never tried to find out. "Rich people like to talk about their backgrounds, their ancestors and where they come from," he explains. "We were too poor to care. We were too busy existing." He was raised in the rural outskirts of Dallas by his mother Juanita and his maternal grandfather Joe Trevino, an immigrant gravedigger. Their four-room frame house—located "about two miles over in the country"—had neither electricity nor running water. Lee had to improvise his boyhood games. Basketball was

played with a tennis ball. A taped beer can served as a football.

The golf balls, though, were for real. The Trevino house stood in a hayfield next to the seventh fairway of the Glen Lakes Country Club. In between was a fence, and little Lee was soon turning a tidy profit on that happy coincidence—collecting balls that sailed over the fence and selling them back to club members. Expanding his business, he welded two rake handles together, fashioned a chicken-wire scoop on one end, and went fishing for more strays in the water hazards. "I cleared maybe \$10 a day," he recalls. When he was six, he found a discarded wooden-shafted No. 5 iron, sawed it down to size and began hitting horse apples. Bored with make-believe, he eventually "made me a two-hole course in the pasture, and when they cut the hay in summer I had me the lushest course you ever saw."

Trevino quit school after the seventh grade to work for the Glen Lakes greenkeeper. He caddied on the side, played a few holes at dusk, but took no serious interest in the game. That did not develop until after he joined the Marines at 17 and was shipped to Japan as a machine gunner. He picked up a tattoo, circled around the bars, and got into fights with sailors. "I loved the Marines," he says. "I never knew anybody when I was a kid, and there I was around a bunch of guys my own age. Hell, I volunteered for everything—night patrols, you name it. It was like camping out to me." Things got even better when he spied a bulletin-board notice announcing tryouts for the 3rd Marine Division golf team. "Shucks," he told himself. "I know a little about that game." Qualifying for the team with a round of 66, he learned a lot more over the next two years playing in tournaments in Japan, Formosa and the Philippines.

Wallets Waiting

When Lee returned home in 1961, he was ready for a little action. He found it at Dallas' Tension municipal golf course, where there were plenty of wallets waiting to be tapped. His challenge was hard to resist: he would play with only one club, give an opponent his handicap, and winner take all. Trevino claims that he and his trusty No. 3 iron never lost. When things were slow, he would take on all comers on an obstacle course that began on the first tee and then angled across a railroad crossing, down a gravel road and through a tunnel before ending back on the course. Business was so good (he was averaging \$200 a week hustling) that he took an apartment across the street from the course so he could get an earlier start.

While working evenings at Hardy's Pitch-N-Putt, Trevino would attract a crowd by playing with a quart-size Dr Pepper bottle wrapped in adhesive tape. If the stakes were right, he would match his bottle against any challenger's clubs.

Rarely shooting above a 30 on the nine-hole course, he says, "I never lost a bet using that bottle." He did lose a few suckers. "On the driving range once," recalls his longtime friend Arnold Salinas, "a guy bet Lee he couldn't hit the 100-yd. sign. Lee looked at him and said, 'Which zero do you want me to hit?' The guy backed down."

In 1964, Lee postponed marrying his second wife Claudia, a pert blonde he affectionately refers to as "Clyde," so that he could enter a pro-am tournament in Fort Worth. On the first hole, he bounced in an eagle, then birdied the second, third, fourth, fifth, eighth and ninth holes to turn the first nine in 29. He finished with an incredible 61, eleven

PHOTO BY KEVIN MCGRAW—CANADA 3



PALMER PONDERING

strokes under par. Recalls Claudia: "That was the first time I'd ever seen anybody play golf. You know, I thought that was the way you were supposed to play." So she felt consolations were in order. "Don't worry, honey," she said, "one day you'll birdie all 18 holes."

Down the River Beds

Trevino quit his job at Hardy's in 1965 and decided to go to the Panama Open with an aspiring Dallas sponsor. Unfortunately, neither Lee nor his backer could afford the plane fare, so the two men spent 71 days driving to Panama, sleeping in the car, grinding up horse trails and bouncing down boulder-strewn river beds. Trevino placed fifth in the tourney, won \$716.16, and flew back to Dallas. For the rest of that year, he struggled along, giving lessons and entering small pro-am tournaments around the state. As a teacher, he was known to get his point across with cutting humor. "If I were you," he told

PLAYER SWINGING



one student. "I'd go out and practice all day every day for two whole weeks. Hit buckets of balls. Work on all your shots. And then I'd quit. Sell my clubs and quit." Even as a part-time pro, he so dominated the local competition that when he registered for one tournament, the officials handed him the first-place money before he even teed off.

Word of Trevino's feats soon reached Martin Lettunich, a wealthy cotton farmer who had been steadily losing bets to a hot local golfer at the Horizon City Country Club in El Paso. Seeking revenge, Lettunich telephoned Trevino in Dallas and offered to pay his expenses if

he would come to El Paso and play the home-town star in a "sociable game." Trevino, who was broke as usual, agreed to come, instantly. "I shot a 65 and 67 and beat him like a tom-tom. I turned him every way but loose." That earned Trevino \$300 and the chance to become a teaching pro at Horizon City. The salary—\$30 a week—did not interest him, but the prospect of more "sociable games" and the opportunity to hone his game did. He accepted.

Trevino and his wife moved into a small trailer on a farm four miles from the course in 1966. "Lee used to jog to work to keep his legs in shape," recalls

Don Whittington, then a co-owner of Horizon City. "Even in those days, he had very definite ambitions to become a great golfer." Trevino played the gusty desert course with Spartan regularity. When winds of up to 60 m.p.h. kicked up the sand, he donned scuba-diver goggles and kept swinging. Impressed by his determination, Whittington and his partner paid Trevino's plane fare to the 1966 U.S. Open in San Francisco. Playing with an unmatched bag of clubs ("I must have had seven different brands"), he finished 54th and was so discouraged that he refused to enter the 1967 Open. Claudia ("I'd be in jail



HEARD

HINSON

IRWIN

MILLER

JONES

Five Pros for the Future

EVERY golf season has its implausible, unexpected tournament winners, but 1971 has been something special. First of all, J.C. (for Jesse Carlyle) Snead, 29, a nephew of Golfing Great Sam Snead and a onetime minor league outfielder who was No. 112 on the P.G.A. money list last year, made himself \$52,000 richer by finishing No. 1 in both the Tucson and Doral-Eastern Opens. Then Brian Allin, 26, a redheaded rookie who weighs all of 145 lbs., won the \$38,000 top prize in the Greater Greensboro Open. Hubert Green, 24, yet another rookie, made off with \$25,000 by winning the Houston Invitational.

As golf has grown more popular, the pro prodigies have grown not only more numerous but vastly more proficient. Able to polish their game on college golf scholarships and then on the "satellite tournaments"—the P.G.A.'s equivalent of baseball's minor leagues—today's rising young pros are better trained than ever. Many are all-round athletes who in years past would have been inclined to pursue careers in other sports. In the past decade, though, the total purses have increased sevenfold to \$7,180,500. As Sam Snead, still active at 59, points out: "With this much money floating around a man has just got to play golf. Besides, what other sport can you play for 30 years?" Five of the most impressive of the young pros:

JERRY HEARD, 24, is sponsored by ten members of his country club in Visalia, Calif., who go by the name of the Heard Corp. A strapping 6 ft., 195-pounder with driving strength and putting finesse, he quit Fresno State College after three years to join the tour in 1969, has so far returned \$113,280 on his sponsors' initial investment of \$15,600. "I used to think winning \$1,000 was a big deal," he says. "Now that I realize I can win much more than that, I'm not overwhelmed."

LARRY HINSON, 26, a string-bean-lean blond from Douglas, Ga., won the 1966 N.C.A.A. golf title while a senior at East Tennessee State. Though his left arm is slightly withered from a boyhood bout with polio, he is solidly accurate from tee to green. In 1969, his first full year on the tour, he won \$54,267. Last season he pocketed \$120,897 and was the eighth-highest scorer on the tour. "I want to win the big four—our Open, the British Open, the P.G.A., and the Masters—then I'll retire. I know what that sounds like, but I really think I can do it."

HALE IRWIN, 26, a spectacled, soft-spoken golfer, might look like a Sunday afternoon duffer, but at the University of Colorado he was All-Big Eight football defensive back as well as the 1967 N.C.A.A. golf champion. Spurning an offer from the N.F.L., St. Louis Cardinals, he turned golf pro four seasons

ago, and has since won \$111,151. Nevertheless, he considers himself still in a period of adjustment. "In football, you can get rid of your emotions," he says. "You can tackle somebody hard, for instance. But in golf the pressure keeps building, and you have to learn how to control it."

JOHN MILLER, 24, a lanky, mod San Franciscan who sports candy-striped bell-bottoms on the links, began hitting balls into a driving net in his garage at the age of five. This season he belted his way to a second-place finish in the Masters and third in the Jacksonville Open; currently, he is among the top 20 money winners, with 1971 earnings, so far, of \$55,849. An elder in the Mormon Church, he attended Brigham Young University but quit before graduating to join the tour in 1969. "A college degree," he explains, "is not going to help you sink those two-footers."

GRIER JONES, 25, is considered by some veterans one of the most impressive young pros to join the tour in years. A star high school fullback in Wichita, Kans., he was wooed by football scouts from several colleges. Instead he chose to go to Oklahoma State on a golf scholarship, where he won the 1968 N.C.A.A. championship. Relying on a rhythmically compact swing, he won \$37,193 in his first full season on the tour, and was named the 1969 Rookie of the Year. Off to a so-so start after winning \$55,913 last season, Jones echoes the sentiments of all the pro prodigies when he says: "My day is coming."

now if it weren't for her," he says) sent in his registration anyway and showed him off to Odessa, Texas, for the qualifying rounds. He shot a 69-67 to become the lowest local qualifier in the nation.

When Trevino arrived for the Open at the Baltusrol Country Club in Springfield, N.J., his wardrobe was sparse. "I had to walk 500 yds. down the road to a Chinese joint in order to eat because the dining room at my motel insisted on a tie and jacket. I ate so much Chinese food I was slant-eyed." It apparently agreed with him. He finished fifth, won \$6,000 and was later named the Rookie of the Year. Lee Buck Trevino was on his way.

Since joining the tour, Lee has won nine P.G.A. tournaments and currently ranks No. 10 among golf's alltime money winners. (Palmer leads, with \$1,364,898.) Besieged by sponsors waiting to have their wallets tapped, he also has a host of lucrative endorsement deals with, among others, Blue Bell, Inc. (sports-wear), Abbott Laboratories (golf equipment), Stylist Shoe Co., Downtowner Motor Inns, Chrysler's Dodge Division, and, of course, the Dr Pepper Co. In addition, Lee Trevino Enterprises Inc. is readying a TV series called *Golf Celebrity* and a \$1.5 million luxury apartment complex in El Paso called Casa Trevino.

Why Go to Bed?

Will success spoil Lee Trevino? Never, he says, confident that his trying times are behind him. Thanks to the nitty-gritty experience of his hustling days, he says the pressure of competition never bothers him. "A \$5 bet and only \$2 in your pocket—that's pressure." What did get to him, though, was all the promoting and partying. Easily lured out for a night of carousing with friendly Fleas, Trevino all too often would live up to his happy philosophy: "I love livin'. Why go to bed? I like to party because I missed a lot of nights when I couldn't afford parties. I get my five hours' sleep." Asked what the toughest feature of the Greater New Orleans Open course was, he answered: "Bourbon Street." After tying for first place in the National Airlines Open in Miami last year, he stayed up half the night drinking beer and betting on jai alai. Next day, teeing up for his play-off with Bob Menne, he said: "Shoot, I was just coming in this morning when he was getting up. Man, a guy can get too much rest." The psych worked. On the second hole, Menne lipped out a 2-ft. putt for a bogey, and Trevino was \$40,000 richer.

After his Miami victory, however, Trevino did not win another tournament for 13 months. He abruptly dropped out of the Philadelphia Classic last year and fled with his wife to a mountain cabin in New Mexico for a ten-day rest. After two days, Claudia saw Lee out in the woods hitting pine cones



WITH FAKE SNAKE AT U.S. OPEN
A mixture of fun and finesse.

with a broomstick and realized that it was time to get back. Two weeks later, following a dizzying round of banquets and public appearances, Lee failed to show up for the first round of the Westchester Classic and was disqualified. After explaining that he had overslept (he had gone to bed at 4 a.m.), he flew off to Acapulco for another try at rest and recuperation.

The gay caballero was, by his own admission, "tired, mentally tired." Troubled by business problems, a slightly strained relationship with Claudia, and the lingering illness of his mother, he started out the 1971 season by dropping out of three tournaments. During an exhibition match in Palm Beach five months ago Nicklaus took him aside in the locker room and told him: "I hope you never find out how well you can play. If you do, it will be trouble for all of us." Says Trevino: "That word of encouragement changed my life. It stopped me from being the nervous character I was. I realized that I could reach the peak." He cut back on his outside commitments, and tempered his night-owl habits. Last April, Lee won the Tallahassee Open and started off on his fiery streak.

No Complaints

Now that he can afford steak instead of his old diet of Texas hash and Kool-Aid, he has a problem keeping in shape ("Five feet seven and a half is a little short for 185 lbs."). His avowed goal is "to win a million bucks. After that, I might slow down a little and go see what my kids look like. The way I'm spending money, I have to win a million." Although he is determined that "the next generation with my name won't have to be laborers," he confesses that "money is just pieces of paper to me." Knowing that, Claudia handles the family finances. "We can go out to shop for a pair of socks," she says, "and he'll spend \$500." An

eager gambler, Trevino has been known to blow a wad in a poker game, hit his wife for some money ("Honey, give me a check for a couple of hundred"), and hustle across the border to bet the greyhounds at the Juárez dog track.

Last year, when a deal involving the Horizon City housing development in which he was living soured, Trevino felt compelled to sell his prized five-bedroom adobe villa with its putting green and garden (okra, jalapeño chili, black-eyed peas) out back. Temporarily, Lee, Claudia, Daughter Lesley, 6, Son Tony, 2, are making do in an El Paso apartment. But, says Trevino, "I don't complain about anything. The game has been too good to me. You see, nobody loves to play golf more than I do. Besides, what would I be without the tour? A lot

of young pros are college graduates and could make money doing something else. I can't. I couldn't make a living doing anything else, except maybe pumping gas somewhere. For me, golf is it, baby.

"A lot of guys on the tour," he goes on, "gripe about the travel and the food and losing their laundry. Well, no matter how bad the food may be, I've eaten worse. And I couldn't care less about the laundry because I can re-

DOEL HERSHORN—BLACK STEAK



WITH WIFE CLAUDIA
Consolation for the birdies.

member when I only had one shirt." Even today, Trevino shudders at the thought of turning out in one of the snazzy ensembles favored by the other pros. "Wouldn't that be something? Lee Trevino from El Paso stepping out on the course in a \$150 pair of shoes, a \$50 alpaca sweater and a \$40 pair of trousers. You give me a pair of \$8.95 pants, a \$4 shirt and a pair of sneakers and I'm ready to tee up."

And off he goes, teeing up and yacking, yacking, yacking. "You only go around once in life"—thwack—"and you gotta smell the roses as you go by."

WHO NEEDS MASTERPIECES AT THOSE

THREE weeks ago, a table was sold at auction in London. It had been made in France somewhere around 1780, probably by a craftsman named Martin Carlin; a spindly, exquisite and useless object, all tulipwood and Sèvres porcelain plaques, the very epitome of the court taste of Louis XVI. An Iranian oilman named Henri Sabet paid \$415,800 for it and so became the owner of the most expensive piece of furniture in history.

One polite reaction to this news would be to smile at human folly and hope that M. Sabet's Persian cat sharpens its claws on something else. On the other hand, the episode was more redolent of Louis XVI's time than the mere style of the table would suggest. Sabet's excursion into *le goût royal* cost the equivalent of the

ones and only a handful of private collectors have the buying power to compete regularly in this new stratosphere of price. It appears today that if the Met or the Fogg or Washington's National Gallery wants another masterpiece for its collection, it must be prepared to pay in the millions for it, and prices are driven up by museums outbidding one another in an ego race. This ignores a fundamental question: Who, exactly, does need the masterpiece—and why? A few years ago, the late art historian Erwin Panofsky spoke approvingly of "the unselfish rapacity of the museum director." As time passes, and as the use and function of museums come under more rigorous examination, it is arguable that the rapacity that impelled Thomas Hoving to expend more

vesant, and is already stuffed to superfluity with exceptional works of art, pride in acquiring yet another multimillion-dollar painting is merely an index of fetishism and decayed conscience.

In practice, it would hardly matter if most American museum collections of art by dead masters were frozen tomorrow. We already have too much art to absorb. Our memories are distended with it, like the livers of Strasbourg geese. Probably no civilization in history has had so much art that it did not make and been so forked by the crisis of how to relate to it. In the 18th and 19th centuries, when art transactions were simpler and the founding of massive collections was an undisguised form of plunder, the problem was not consciously manifest. But in America today, nobody needs another Titian—not at these prices. The right to art by force of arms, which produced much of the Louvre's collection, has been superseded by an equally debatable "right" to art by force of buying power. Hence such misfortunes of cultural ecology as the steady leakage of major paintings across the Atlantic, which the British, in particular, wholeheartedly resent.

Art collectors and museum curators like to talk in terms of world culture; but in the auction house they behave like chautauquists. Many critics have noted how the cult of masterpiece value caricatures the historical values of art by creating an unreal scale of "importance." It is equally probable that the cost for acquisitions does violence to geographical as well as historical culture by making it hard for countries to hold the art they have against the battering pressure of foreign capital.

There is, moreover, a lamentable disproportion between the money deployed on buying art and the money available for preserving masterpieces that cannot, by their nature or circumstances, be sold—unmovable art like buildings, frescoes, or even entire cities of cherishable antique beauty. Only a spectacular disaster like the Florence flood of November 1966 will provoke people to expend large sums of money on saving art that they do not own. Because of the publicity campaigns mounted by organizations to save Venice from decaying into an empty, waterlogged Renaissance Disneyland, it may yet stand some chance of at least partial preservation as a city. But the Parthenon, under the influence of time, weather, vibration and industrial fumes, is turning to sand; and all over Italy, Spain and France there is a slow and apparently irreversible destruction of art by pollution, economic progress, neglect and age. This immense but rapidly shrinking deposit of artifacts and images constitutes the



CHILDREN LOOKING AT THE METROPOLITAN'S NEW VELÁZQUEZ

collective income of 1,260 of his fellow Iranians, who earn an average \$330 or so a year; and with it the creak of imaginary tumbrils with real collectors in them grows a little louder.

The table is not an isolated case. In its upper reaches, the art market has been afflicted with a kind of collective hysteria, a St. Vitus's dance of zeros across the checkbook: \$5,544,000 for a Velázquez; a Titian, *The Death of Actaeon*, sold to Paul Getty for a little over \$4,000,000; last week a Renoir, purchased for \$16.80 a century ago, fetched \$1,159,200 at a London auction. The list could be prolonged almost indefinitely, and will be: before the '70s are out, the first \$10 million painting will probably have gone under the hammer. It does not take a very puritanical conscience to deduce that this involves a grotesque inversion of values, a crisis in the function that past art can play in present culture.

The chief perpetrators of the crisis are the museums—which in effect means American museums, since no European

than \$5.5 million on the Met's new Velázquez is not, however great the painting may be, unselfish at all.

The American museum still tends to be an institutional parody of the robber baron's castle, staking its prestige more on acquisitions than functions. The Metropolitan speaks with politic sincerity of "bringing art to the people"—though this did not deter it last October from slapping what amounts to a tax on art education by reinstituting an admission fee for the first time in 30 years. But these declarations are apt to be gutted by the display of a now old multimillion-dollar painting. For what will *Juan de Pareja* on its draped wall in the Metropolitan mean to an intelligent 18-year-old from Spanish Harlem when he sees it and remembers the price? (As well he may, since the Met is not inclined to disguise the market value of its major acquisitions.) His probable reaction will be fury at the wrong priorities that spending \$5,000,000 on a painting involves. Who can say that the boy would not be right? In a city that has a Harlem and a Bedford-Stuy-

PRICES?

ground from which the isolated masterpiece on a museum wall draws its rationale, and hence, in fact, the claim on social fantasy that generates its price. And there is pathetically little money available to conserve it. The common objection is "let the Italians-French-Greeks look after their own art." But a wider view must surely argue that our consciousness of art should be seamless; that a picture's or a sculpture's right to survival is not to be determined by some box of frontiers.

Is there any way of retrieving from the hyperactive market some means of preserving what is not for sale? Arguably, there is. Assuming that the appetites of collectors will not diminish in the near future, governments might



THE \$415,800 LOUIS XVI TABLE

well impose a conservation tax on every work of art that is sold at auction for more than, say, \$100,000. The figure need not be high: 5% would rake off millions of dollars annually into a pool that could be administered by some suitable international body for conservation and restoration needs—in urban space, architecture, sculpture, painting—anywhere in the world.

Such a tax would, by its nature, be an economist's ideal: it would affect only those who can afford it. It might fractionally tone down today's price levels, and no doubt would be strenuously opposed by some art dealers and collectors. It would not solve all conservation problems, but it would contribute a precious measure of alleviation and diminish art's humiliating dependence on erratic charity. Most of all, it could mitigate the crushing sense of waste and meaninglessly flamboyant consumption that anyone who cares about art and its priorities is apt to feel on reading about the cost of next week's Louis XVI table.

■ Robert Hughes

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Prophet of Light

The Louvre, everyone knows, is the most famous museum in Paris. But which is the *least* famous? Until lately, a good candidate for the laurels of obscurity was the Musée Marmottan, a two-story mansion in the outer regions of the 16th Arrondissement near the Bois de Boulogne. From its opening in 1934, the place attracted about 30 visitors a month to admire a lugubrious clutter of porcelain, stained glass and Napoleonic furniture. Guidebooks ignored the Musée Marmottan. Even its hours were absurd: two afternoons a week, except during the tourist-laden summer, when the museum perversely stayed shut for two months.

That this drab and peripheral institute should come to rival the Louvre as a shrine of French Impressionism seems inconceivable. But five years ago, an octogenarian named Michel Monet, driving back from a visit to his wife's grave in Normandy, collided with a truck and died. He was the son and only offspring of Claude Monet. When Monet *père* died in 1926, Michel inherited his collection and kept most of it in his secluded country house at Sorel-Moussel in Normandy. Nobody saw it for 40 years. Paintings were stuffed under beds, piled higgledy-piggledy in the cellar, gathered dust in cupboards. Michel preferred to adorn his walls with antelope horns and stuffed trophies of the African safaris that were his chief interest in life. Whenever he needed some cash to finance another safari, he would pull a Monet out from its storage place and sell it off.

Nobody knows exactly how much of the collection this leaked away, but Michel Monet scrupulously respected his father's wishes in one area. He left the collection not to the French government (told Monet never forgave the Louvre for ignoring him) but to the Marmottan.

Driven Man. Last month the huge bequest of some 130 pictures went on public view for the first time in a new underground gallery excavated below the museum garden. There were paintings by Monet's masters, Delacroix and Boudin, and by his fellow Impressionists—including a magnificent portrait of Monet himself at age 32 by his friend Auguste Renoir. But the bulk of the gift is Monet's Monets—a unique and stunningly complete core sample of 65 oils and four pastels spanning his growth as an artist from 1870 to the series of lily ponds which, over the last 29 years of his life, Monet produced in his studio at Giverny. It is the world's largest Monet collection, worth—at one estimate—about \$10 million.

Claude Monet was 86 when he died: a driven old man, almost blind with cataracts, preyed on by terrible fits of depression. "Age and chagrin have worn me out," he wrote to his friend Georges Clemenceau, former Premier of France.

"My life has been nothing but a failure, and all that's left for me to do is to destroy my paintings before I disappear." Painters have often guessed wrong about their achievement; none guessed worse than Monet. He is, in fact, the only Impressionist other than Manet and Seurat whose work has consistently seemed relevant and useful to modern painters. One cannot imagine an artist "learning" from Renoir today. The difference is one of radical intent, of questions which Monet's work asked but did not always close, as most Renoirs are closed by their own unctuous completion.

Prophetic Figure. Seventy years ago, Monet posed all the queries that are central to informal, painterly abstraction while working on his haystacks, cathedral façades and lily ponds—and



MONET BY RENOIR

The future was in the lily pads.

solved most of them. He is the Cézanne of Abstract Expressionism, like him a prophetic figure who was much greater than what he foretold. This fact was recognized by the "rediscovery" of Monet that took place in New York in the late '50s (a feast considerably laid on for the return of a Prodigal Father who had never actually been away).

How many thousand canvases produced in the last 20 years have echoed the muscular writhing of brush marks, the suffusing, arbitrary color and the dense, pasty, almost edible pigment that Monet, in 1918, incorporated into *The Willow*? In a study of African lilies growing beside his pond, the "modernity" of Monet's vision becomes even more pronounced. There is no horizon line; the fragment of reality he chose tips and squashes itself against the picture plane. A whole historical style is predicted in the vibration and flicker of yellow light on the water, the excited scribbles round the lily pads, and the deliberately blank areas of canvas that shine white against the effervescent paint.

There is an edge of smugness in the

view of Monet that attributes his claim on our eyes to his modernity; we are prone to use the past as gratification, and think it good because it made us possible. But Monet did not labor for the sake of Philip Guston or Sam Francis. His actual greatness resides in the way in which he marked, and then transcended, his own cultural perimeter. He provoked Impressionism rather as Picasso's *Les Femmes d'Alger* provoked Cubism; and the crucial encounter here was with an older painter, Eugène-Louis Boudin, whom he met somewhere around 1856.

Boudin introduced him to the idea of painting direct from the motif, *en plein air*. Painters like Constable and Turner had done this before but in watercolor: Courbet had done parts of his canvases on the scene and finished them in the studio. But the invention of ready-mixed oil paints in tubes made it possible for Boudin, and Monet after him, to carry through an entire painting in this way. Boudin's influence on his incomparably more gifted disciple was strong, and it can be seen as late as 1870 in the pearly sky, sand and sea of *Camille Monet and Her Cousin on the Beach at Trouville*. But the broad slap of Monet's brush and the vigorous stripping of the girls' dresses have already gone beyond what Boudin had to teach.

From Memory. The word Impressionism was coined by a hostile critic from one of Monet's paintings of 1872, *Impression: Sunrise*, which by virtue of a chance bequest in 1948 was one of the few paintings the Marmottan already owned (and may be the only clue to why Monet *filis* chose the Marmottan). To the end of his life, Monet insisted that his one achievement was to have worked "directly from nature, striving to render my impressions in the face of the most fugitive effects."

This impulse lay behind his obsessive working in series, catching the alteration of light from hour to hour on the same haystack, the same façade. But it does not explain the oddly abstract effect of such paintings. Nor does it account for the curious fact that Monet often painted from memory in a manner identical to his paintings from nature, *The Houses of Parliament, London*, with its diagonally surging, frayed green silhouette and glitter of thick silvery light, was produced at his house in France in 1905. For Monet's paintings become abstract to the extent that they accept light and color as absolutes.

"Energy is eternal Delight"—so wrote William Blake. This is the theme of the last 20 years of Monet's work. He apparently perceived in some intuitive way what science had just begun to formulate—that all matter, from Charing Cross Bridge to the lilies on his pond, was energy. And energy's clearest manifestation was the frothing matrix of light in which, hour by hour, the forms of nature were dissolved and reconstituted before Monet's failing, astonished eyes.

• R.H.

NEW MONETS: A Son's Legacy



The Houses of Parliament, London 1905.

PHOTO: KOUTHIER



The Willow, circa 1918.




African Lilies, undated.



Camille Monet and Her Cousin on the Beach at Trouville, 1870.

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SHOW BUSINESS

The Ordeal of Ann-Margret

It was like watching Minnie Mouse play Ophelia—brilliantly. Nobody could believe that Ann-Margret, the Swedish meatball, the female Troy Donahue, the 30-year-old high school cheerleader from Wilmette, Ill., was actually acting. But in Mike Nichols' *Carnal Knowledge* (TIME, July 5), playing the billowy milkmaid the hero frolics on, she opposed Jack Nicholson's grim portrait of a swordless swordsman with a rich and touching study of what happens to a woman when her man won't let her be one. Her work deserved and got the sort of reviews that could win a girl an Oscar, and her body got a degree and quality of exposure that made her overnight what for eleven years she has clumsily tried to be: a sex symbol. In the past six months, thanks to a sudden ripening of her stage personality, Ann-Margret has made herself a smash hit at the International in Las Vegas and has outdrawn Frank Sinatra at Miami Beach's Fontainebleau.

Cat-Sized Rats. With every reason to feel just great, why did she look so puffy and strung out? "I'm flabbergasted by the reviews," she told TIME's Brad Darrach. "After eleven years, I can't believe it. But you know, doing that part—it changed my life." Her voice broke. "It made me realize. So much. That poor girl I played in the picture had been so used. Always attracted to the same kind of man, and each man destroyed her. She was like a little puppy dog. No matter how much you beat her she kept coming back, trusting the owner. Since I did the part, I've been feeling so much tension, such pressure." She drew a deep breath. "It's a definite signal. I'll work through the year because I've got commitments. Then I'll quit show business. At least for a year, maybe forever."

Forever in show business usually lasts till the next good offer, but success and disillusion do seem to have struck Ann-Margret simultaneously. Her story, which she told like a woman who had just discovered pain and was fascinated by it, is a version of the old standard about the small-town girl who paid too high a price to reach the big time. When Ann-Margret Olsson was a year old, her electrician father left his family in a tiny Swedish village and sailed for the U.S. For the next seven years, until his wife reluctantly agreed to follow him, Ann-Margret was her mother's main source of happiness. It was a heavy responsibility. "As early as I can remember," she says now, "the thing I thought about most of all was giving people happiness."

In Wilmette, the family fell on



ANN-MARGRET IN "VIVA LAS VEGAS" (1964)

hard times and took cheap lodgings in a funeral parlor. Ann-Margret slept on a foldout bed in the room where the bodies were laid out. When there was a funeral, she could not go to bed until the last mourner had left; she was often awakened, she says, by rats as big as full-grown cats that (for reasons perhaps best left unexamined) lived in the mortuary cellar. At 16, Ann-Margret sang on Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* but lost out to "a Mexican leaf player," and at 19 she turned up in Las Vegas. She had a firecracker energy and a hot, staccato style that could take your eye off a charging tiger.

George Burns gave her a spot in his show. United Artists found a part in Frank Capra's *A Pocketful of Miracles*, and in *State Fair* her dark brown hair showed up as a cornea-shattering shade of red. A star, she drove up to her old high school in a yellow Cadillac convertible and strolled through the halls in a mink coat. But four years later, the bottom fell out. Her managers, in her version of it, were merely exploiting her sex appeal—and ineptly. With puppy-like trust, Ann-Margret did as she was told. At 25, after a descending spiral of bike operas and drive-in fillers, she was a has-been and a joke to the industry. But in 1967, she married Roger Smith, a TV actor who had played in 77 *Sunset Strip*, and Smith and an agent named Allan Carr took over Ann-Margret's career.

Instant Improvement. In two Ann-Margret TV specials and a role in Stanley Kramer's *R.P.M.*, her screen personality seemed quieter, sweeter, more womanly. She had lost the twippet look. Her breasts with suspicious suddenness had taken on melony dimensions. Had she seen the silicone man? Ann-Margret said no. "When I put on weight, I put it on there." Lucky for her. Melony dimensions were required for the role of Bobbie in *Carnal Knowledge*.

Mike Nichols had spent six months



WITH JACK NICHOLSON IN "CARNAL KNOWLEDGE"
The pain comes through wild and pure.



IN HER NIGHTCLUB ACT

looking for the right girl to play the part. He had considered and rejected Raquel Welch, Jane Fonda, Dyan Cannon, Natalie Wood. One night Critic Kenneth Tynan's wife suggested Ann-Margret. Nichols smiled, but a screen test convinced him.

Nerves and Viruses. It did not convince Ann-Margret. "It was hell," she said. "Every minute I worked on that movie was hell." Terrified of failure, imagining the final collapse of her career, she gave herself desperately to the role. "I knew I had the emotion. That's all I am, emotion. But I couldn't do Bobbie by myself. Mike had to mold me. And he did. I lived Bobbie day and night. I turned into the slob Bobbie is. Between takes I just sat in my dressing room and stared at the wall. When I got back to the hotel at night, I put on my bathrobe and walked back and forth in the bathroom. I felt depressed, all the time depressed. So vulnerable, so betrayed. Mike and Jack kept me going. One day I couldn't cry when I should have and Jack said horrible things about Bobbie until I burst into tears."

When the shooting stopped, Ann-Margret's anguish did not. Stone pro that she is, she went ahead with a four-week run in Las Vegas. Pain lent a darker resonance to her voice and presence, even in moments of razzmatazz. Pain came through wild and pure in her song about Marilyn Monroe: *Does Anybody Out There Love Me?* At the end of the run, nerves shot and viruses acting up, she was rushed to a hospital.

"I was scared bad," she recalled. "I still am. I've always had this endless energy. Lying there, I thought about having a baby. I think that kind of giving would calm me down. Peace is what I lack. I got into all this too fast, too young. If I could just be Ann-Margret Olsson again, maybe I'd get over this feeling that my nerves are on top of my skin."

Ta-Daaaaa! The thought seemed to cheer her up. Her husband ordered a steak sent up to her room, and after she put it away she bounced up and taught a visitor how to do the shuffle and the shim-sham. Soon she was stomping to the music of an imaginary combo and shaking it up like the great little putter-outer she has always been. "Ta-daaaaa!" she yelled as she reached the Durante closer, her arms opened wide and her green eyes glittering happily through her long soft strawberry locks. Quit show business? Come off it! Just watch her face light up when somebody discusses her recent appearance at the Teamsters' convention or asks if she's been offered the Marilyn Monroe role in Arthur Miller's *After the Fall*. "I know I'm vulnerable," she said, still exploring that new-found capacity for pain, "but I'd rather not have a shield, even though it hurts more that way. As long as I can, I want to go out there and make millions of people happy!"



NUDIST-CAMP OWNER HOCKER & ASSISTANT
Working conditions are marvelous.

The Decline of Nudism

Bulmy Southern California has long been a natural habitat for nudists. But now the new permissiveness has caught up with this once-daring tribe. After visiting a former citadel of the cult near Los Angeles, TIME Correspondent Timothy Tyler reports:

Mel Hocker, one of the alltime great American nudists, is still out there in the nude. But he is not smiling and carefree, the way you would imagine a nudist to be. At 60, Mel sits alone in his little office, a mass of naked wrinkles, glum, dispirited, forlorn. Forlorn because just outside Mel's screen door, his own twelve-acre nudist club—the Oakdale Guest Ranch—is going silently to seed in the dry heat of the San Bernardino Mountains. In fact, the club's membership in two years has plummeted from 300 to 60 couples, and it continues to plummet as the elderly members die off. Another nudist camp near by recently closed up for good.

"It's the sexual revolution that's killing us," moans Mel, who has been nude nonstop now for 18 years. "The pornographic movies, the topless-bathless burs, the dirty magazines—they're making nudism in America passé." To show what he means, Mel slips into shower clogs and takes us on a tour of his camp, mercifully letting us keep our pants on. The layout of the place hints of its past grandeur: 16 rustic cabins idling on a hillside, and down on the flat, dozens of vacant trailer slips where you can almost envision happy, laughing naked people swarming around gaily decorated mobile homes. But now, Mel says, the remaining members are most-

ly middle-aged and elderly couples who come out only on the warm weekends. The grandiose pool is empty, tennis and volleyball courts are unused, nets hanging limp in the sun.

The only sounds of life come from a screened back with a sign on it that says CORNER NUDE STAND. Inside, a pretty young woman is dancing nude to a jukebox; the other patrons, mostly older males, sit drinking beer, droning apathetically and ignoring the woman. A sign on the wall says SUEDE BURGERS. MORE MEAT—LESS DRESSING. Hocker sits down, sips a Coke and brightens somewhat. "I pioneered in nudism, you know," he shouts over the music. "We were the first nudist place to serve beer, and we were first with nude dancing. This place has attracted your professional people, right down to the honorable janitor who pushes the broom."

Hard to Upstage. Hocker's mind slips gradually back into nudism's past, and he glowingly recalls how he became a nudist in the sedate year of 1953. That was back when he was living in Long Beach and nudism was still considered risqué. In their search for an outdoor health spa, Hocker and his wife Ann stumbled on nudism. "We were the talk of Long Beach for a long time," recalls Ann (equally nude), her eyes gleaming with a certain mischievous pride. After four years Hocker quit his job as a cost analyst with the Ford Motor Co., bought Oakdale, an established nudist club just outside San Bernardino, and made nudism a full-time way of life. "You can't beat it," says Hocker. "It's so natural. It just seems right not to wear clothes. You can't upstage anybody around here with a mink coat or a good suit. Ha-ha. And then

there's the sun. Believe me, after a week-end out here in the nude, you can really kill 'em on your job."

But in the last few years, as the sexual revolution progressed, the once tantalizing concept of prancing nude through the woods came to seem tame indeed to Southern Californians. Even last year's special event—nude skydiving with music by 15 bare members of the Long Beach Municipal Band—was sparsely attended. Just as well, perhaps, since one hapless skydiver was badly scratched when he landed in a buck-thorn patch.

Looking for Longhairs. Now, it appears, Oakdale has only one slim chance left for survival: a transfusion of good old American public relations techniques. Earlier this year Hocker decided to hire Sparky Blaine, a promoter and manager of topless dancing girls, to push Oakdale back into the big time. For Sparky, 43, Oakdale was a revelation. He abandoned his Beverly Hills office, together with his clothes, philosophizing that "I do most of my work by phone anyway," and moved right into one of the Oakdale cabins. "Out here," he mused, "I can float nude in the pool while my nude secretary sits on the edge and takes a letter—working conditions are marvelous."

Sparky's big job is to promote the Miss Nude Cosmos Pageant, a nude beauty contest held at Oakdale each summer. His first change has been to bill the pageant "The Woodstock of the Nudist Movement." He explains: "We've got to get the longhairs in here. Only way to save the place. And why not? They took their clothes off at Woodstock. Why can't they do it here?"

"The old nudes have got to step aside or this place is going to die. What we should do, we should let all

the good-looking girls join free, then we'd have something. It's youth, baby, that's where it's at. The old blood's dying with the trees." Sparky continues ecstatically: "Just give me ten showgirls out here, and varoom, the young guys'll come out of Los Angeles in first gear. I'm putting up a big stand; I'm gonna have two go-go girls dancing on top of it at night, with spotlights on 'em, so people can see 'em from the highway."

At 60, Mel Hocker sits alone in his little office, a mass of naked wrinkles, glum, dispirited, forlorn, brooding about the passing of the golden age of nudism and wearily watching Sparky Blaine trying to create a last varoom.

Typing in the Round

"Three-quarters of all humanity runs around with ruined spines," says Luigi Colani, a successful West German industrial designer. To help prevent any further proliferation of bad backs—at least among typists—Colani has invented the cradle-like device. In it, a secretary can sit upright, slump or practically recline while typing, without missing a key. "Every part of a typist, with the exception of her eyeballs and fingers, is supported," says Colani. Installed in the contraption, a typist can lean against a contoured back and headrest, with elbows planted on concave platforms and wrists braced on two flexible supports just below the keyboard. Earphones provide music or can be connected to a dictating machine. Colani, who calls his device an "integrated mobile module," spent three months and \$20,000 developing it. But he is somewhat pessimistic about its future. "Like most of my best ideas," he says, "it's too far ahead of its time to have much of a chance in our slide-rule society."



COLANI'S TYPING MODULE
Preventing bad backs.

MILESTONES


Died, Jim Morrison, 27, lead singer of the Doors and the third big rock star to die within ten months; in Paris. Although Morrison at times drank heavily, he did not have a reputation as a drug user, and he died of a heart attack. The son of an admiral, Morrison got a master's degree from UCLA before beginning to intone his long, theatrical poems to dark, eerie, thundering rock. His orgiastic performances and his command, "Come on, baby, light my fire," turned on teeny-boppers by the millions, but his mood was often more apocalyptic: "Cancel my subscription to the Resurrection!" he protested against the ravaging of the earth.

Died, Dorothy Andrews Kabis, 54, 33rd Treasurer of the U.S. and the first in the nation's history to change her name and the signature appearing on U.S. paper money; of a heart attack in Sheffield, Mass. Dorothy Andrews Elston was appointed Treasurer by President Nixon after helping to raise more than \$1,000,000 for the 1968 G.O.P. campaign. The fifth woman in succession to hold the post, Mrs. Elston married Wilmington, Del., School Principal Walter Kabis last year.

Died, Louis Armstrong, 71, trumpeter, singer and world-renowned ambassador of jazz (see MUSIC).

Died, Samuel R. Bronfman, 80, founder and president of Distillers Corporation-Seagrams Limited; in Montreal. Bronfman laid the foundations of his financial empire 54 years ago when he started a mail-order whisky business. Branching out into distilling during Prohibition, Bronfman went on to create the world's largest distillery. At 80, Bronfman still remained the astute chieftain and patriarchal head of a family-dominated firm: "I've set it up better than the Rothschilds," he once said. "They spread the children. I've kept them together."

Died, Admiral Thomas C. Hart, 94, commander in chief of the U.S. Asiatic fleet at the outbreak of World War II; of pneumonia; in Sharon, Conn. Having seen action in both the Spanish-American War and World War I, Tommy Hart became the oldest admiral afloat when F.D.R. extended his tour of duty past the mandatory retirement age of 64. Convinced that war was imminent, Hart kept the principal warships based in Manila Bay out of the harbor, avoiding another Pearl Harbor. Forced to move his headquarters south to Java, Hart commanded the outnumbered Americans in the three-day battle of Makassar Strait, inflicting heavy losses on the Japanese fleet. In 1945, Hart, a Republican, was appointed U.S. Senator from Connecticut. Instead of seeking election when the term expired two years later, he retired to spend his last decades on his farm in Sharon.




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MG-TD The TD took over where the TC left off and the idea of a high-performance sports car continued to attract new fans. By 1954, the TD had hit 30,000 in sales.

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MGB This is the MG that's now holding down the all time best-seller position. The B, made in both Convertible and GT versions, reached the record breaking 250,000 mark a short time ago.



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MG has always stayed faithful to the idea of a sports car unhindered by compromises. And it's paid off.

On May 27, 1971, the 250,000th B came off the production line. It was designated with a plaque attesting to its historical significance in MG history. And, to cap the occasion, we are going to give the car away instead of selling it.

It's The Great 250,000th MGB Giveaway—and it's easy to get in the running. There's nothing to buy. Just visit an Austin MG Dealer and pick up an official entry blank with complete details.

Offer void in the State of Washington and wherever prohibited by law. Residents of Ohio, and Wisconsin may obtain an entry blank by writing to: 250,000th MGB Giveaway, Box 250,000, Blair, Nebraska 68009, before Sept. 4, 1971.

The Great 250,000th MGB Giveaway officially closes Sept. 18, 1971. So hurry—act today. For the name of your local Austin MG Dealer, dial (800) 631-1971 except in New Jersey where the number is (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll free.



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BUSINESS



YOUNG AMERICAN TOURISTS BOARDING BELGIAN JETLINER IN NEW YORK

Exodus 1971: New Bargains in the Sky

NO one could blame the Europeans for suspecting that it might be a plot concocted by American parents. This summer as never before, their parks and piazzas, their hostels and highways are overflowing with a record-high number of blue-jeaned invaders. More than 800,000 young Americans are descending on Europe with the same ease and dispatch with which an older generation took on a trip across the state line. In the process, they are turning the travel industry upside down and creating a stir wherever they go.

Londoners are complaining about "pollution by package tour." More than the usual thousands of Continental Europeans are making plans to flee their own cities this summer to avoid the youthful crush. Elderly strollers in Munich's English Gardens glower at barefoot Brooklyn musicians standing on their heads with feet intertwined or sitting yoga-style, with begging howls in outstretched hands. The Greek Orthodox Church in Athens has adopted a new prayer entitled "For Those Endangered by the Touristic Wave." The words: "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on the cities, the islands and the villages of our Orthodox Fatherland, as well as the holy monasteries, which are scourged by the worldly touristic wave. Grace us with a solution to this dramatic problem and protect our brethren, who are sorely tried by the modernistic spirit of these contemporary Western invaders."

The big new incitement to youthful wanderlust this year is the greatest price-cutting war in airline history. It has created youth fares so enticing that the

youngsters can hardly afford to stay home. Ever since Belgium's Sabena, whose transatlantic 747s had been running only 11% full, offered a \$220 round trip to Belgium for almost anyone under 30, other lines have rushed to meet or beat that bargain. A youth-fare passenger on Sabena can fly only to and from Brussels, but on some other lines he can now mix and match. Pan Am, for example, allows a person of 25 or less to fly to one European city and return from another. Irish-Aer Lingus offers the widest choice of all—four different cities. The deal: fly into one Continental city; return from another, and stop over in Dublin or Shannon both coming and going.

Economic Consequences

TWA has hitched a welcome wagon of giveaways to its flights: each youth-fare passenger gets a book of coupons good for 10% to 50% discounts in restaurants and discotheques. Alitalia announced the best cost-per-mile bargain: a \$199 round trip between New York and Rome. Icelandic Airlines, dubbed the "hip-hop airline" by the hairy hordes who prefer it, rolled out the cheapest European youth fare: a \$185 round trip between Aug. 1 and Sept. 10, and \$165 the rest of the year.

As a result of the price cuts, 1971 will be one of the biggest years ever for going places. All together, more than 3,500,000 Americans and Canadians will cross the Atlantic this year. Because of the recession, the recalcitrance of the stock market and the horse-and-buggy pace of economic recovery, even middle-aged tourists will be looking for

bargains rather than luxury. The rush of cut-rate travelers to Europe is having many economic consequences—and not just in Europe itself. Among them:

A BOON FOR OWNERS OF LOW- AND MEDIUM-PRICE EUROPEAN HOTELS

Construction of accommodations in Europe is becoming such a profitable investment that U.S. money built \$30 million worth of hotels last year in Amsterdam alone. Hotel rooms in most price categories are very tight in Athens, Brussels, Budapest, Copenhagen, Dubrovnik, Geneva, Helsinki, London, Moscow, Prague, Salzburg, Stockholm, Vienna, Warsaw and Zurich. In almost every other top city, they are just plain tight. Prices have risen about 10% since last year. A double room with bath in a good hotel ranges from a low of \$7 in Lisbon and \$10 in Munich to a top of \$48 in Rome, \$50 in London and \$65 in Paris.

A WINDFALL FOR VENDORS OF THE GOODS AND SERVICES THAT ECONOMY-CLASS TOURISTS WANT

Among the beneficiaries: European small-car, and bicycle-rental companies, inexpensive restaurants, even greengrocers, and North American sporting-goods and Army-Navy stores. Today's young travelers load up with sleeping bags, shelter halves and Swiss army knives. U.S. knapsack sales so far this year are way up.

A SERIOUS PROBLEM FOR THE TOURIST TRADE IN THE CARIBBEAN, HAWAII AND THE U.S.

South Some resorts in those areas have already been hurting for more than a year, partly because of competition from charter flights and low group fares to Europe. Round-trip economy fare from New York to Miami is \$166; from Chicago to Jamaica, \$286; Chicago to Ha-

wail, \$346. Asks one Eastern Air Lines vice president: "How can we sell a kid on going to Miami when he can go to London for just a few bucks more?"

AN EVEN BIGGER DRAIN ON THE U.S. "BALANCE OF TOURISM." Since 1960, Americans have spent \$19 billion more abroad than foreign visitors have spent in the U.S., and this year's deficit is expected to top \$2.5 billion. By contrast, Italy's tourism surplus usually helps put its overall balance of payments in the black. Tourism is one of the biggest industries of Spain, Portugal and Greece, and this year it will be even richer.

By far the greatest impact of the budget-travel upheaval will hit the international airlines, some of which are in serious financial trouble. Their most important route for both prestige and profit has been over the North Atlantic, where the price cutting is deepest. TWA, for example, netted nearly \$60 million on the North Atlantic route in the past three years. Were it not for those profits, the airline, which had a system-wide net loss of \$64 million last year, would be in sorely critical condition. Pan Am generally loses badly on its Latin American run, where its operations are severely restricted by local governments, but makes up the losses on the Atlantic (though the line ran \$29.5 million in the red on that route last year, largely because of the recession).² Even lines that do not make much money over the North Atlantic, including Aeroflot, Air-India and Finnair, cling to the route in order to fly their flags and attract foreign travelers to their countries.

In an inflationary age, when the price of everything else seems to be going up, why are North Atlantic air fares coming down? One reason is that they have long been overpriced, and a reduction is overdue. International fares usually have to be agreed upon unanimously by the 108 members of the In-

ternational Air Transport Association (IATA), with the result that the least efficient, highest-cost carrier sometimes vetoes lower fares. The only exception to the unanimity rule occurs when an airline is "ordered" by its government to make a fare change. Sabena recently used that loophole to introduce the youth fares.

In basic economy class, it costs more to fly one way from New York to Paris (\$298) than to Honolulu (\$224), even though Honolulu is 1,200 miles farther away. Most businessmen and many tourists are unfairly stuck with those basic economy fares, which cover trips of 14 days or less. To lure more vacationers into their planes, the airlines have come up with a confusing welter of special prices (see box, page 64). All of them are aimed at alleviating the industry's toughest problem: empty seats.

That problem lately has been aggravated for several reasons. First, the airlines are prisoners of modern technology and old-fashioned competition. Whenever a manufacturer produces a bigger or racier plane, the chiefs of some leading airlines figure that they must have it, and then all other lines feel obliged to follow. The debut last year of the 356-passenger 747 jumbo jet left the lines with many more seats than they could fill. The lines added so many 747s in the last year that the number of seats on North Atlantic flights soared by 18% to as many as 56,000 each way during peak summer days.

Brazen Cartel

Another factor is that the recession severely reduced business travel and caused many family travelers to dally in making vacation plans. Finally, the slow winding down of the Viet Nam War rapidly chopped into the business of the nonscheduled airlines: Overseas National, World, Saturn and others.

From the airline that started it all.



Pan Am International Youth Fare Headquarters

LOWEST AIR FARE IN HISTORY TO ITALY



SIGNS PROMOTING YOUTH FARES

World's military-transport volume, for example, plunged from \$51 million in 1969 to \$27 million last year. Hoping to make up for these losses, the nonskeds began competing even more aggressively for passenger business over the Atlantic, offering charter-flight fares as low as \$180 round trip in some instances. Today the nonskeds have 18.5% of the North Atlantic business, including 35% of the West-Coast-to-Europe travel.

In consequence, scheduled lines began flying emptier and emptier planes. The average "load factor" on the North Atlantic fell from 53.2% in the first quarter of 1970 to 46.8% in the first quarter of 1971. The U.S. lines did less well than the average; Pan Am registered 38% and TWA 39.5%. True, the lines usually have slim tourist business during the early and late months of the year and raise their averages by packing them in during the summer rush. The biggest winners on the North

² All together, Pan Am lost \$27 million in 1969, \$48 million in 1970 and \$37 million through May 1971. Compared with May 1970, Pan Am's passenger traffic was down more than 6% this May.

KIDS BEDDED DOWN IN SLEEPING BAGS IN AMSTERDAM'S VONDELPARK

EDIP POSTHUMA DE VRIES



Atlantic are two lines that cater to the ethnic trade: Israel's El Al last year ran 68.8% full, and Irish-Aer Lingus scored 68.5%. The emptiest carrier on the run was Japan Air Lines, with 30.5%.

The airlines have long been looking for a gimmick to round up passengers and knock down the nonskied competitors. At a secret meeting in the Hotel Plaza Athénée during the Paris Air Show in May, some European airline leaders came up with an answer: reduce fares for certain passengers. Sabena then moved by announcing the youth fare.

The cut fares are chipping into the airline industry's unity. Once solidly cemented together in IATA, which is the world's most brazen price-fixing cartel, the industry has taxied to the brink of anarchy. To debate the fare paring, a special IATA meeting opened two weeks ago in Montreal. Delegates are still negotiating in camera around a horseshoe-shaped table at the Sheraton Mount Royal Hotel, weighing some 200 different fare proposals. The one that stands the best chance of passage is an "advance-purchase excursion" plan: it would offer round trips to Europe for \$200 (or \$240 peak season) for all passengers who buy their tickets three or four months in advance. Other widely debated possibilities include: 1) extension of the youth fare to cover jet-setters aged 65 or over, 2) introduction of a "family fare" similar to that on U.S.



"It's a pricing idea we got from the international airlines."

domestic flights, and 3) broad reductions in the standard economy fares, perhaps coupled with elimination of the special discounts on longer "excursion" flights.

An Anglo-North American coalition of Pan Am, TWA, Air Canada and Britain's BOAC is pressing for broadly lower fares to woo more passengers. The U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board also supports this position. But an orthodox faction—including Air France, Swissair, Germany's Lufthansa, The Netherlands' KLM, and some carriers from developing countries—fears that widespread

reductions would simply produce smaller profits and no substantial increase in business. The Montreal meeting will probably continue for several weeks. Though many of the European representatives still view air travel as a privilege of those in or above the upper-middle classes, a further drop in fares is likely, if only as a move to preserve unity.

Can the lines make money with the youth fares? The U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board reckons that it costs about \$36,000 to fly a 250-passenger stretched DC-8 jet round trip between New York and Western Europe. That comes to about \$144 per passenger—if the plane is full. For a 747, the round-trip cost per passenger is even less: \$94. By charging \$200 round trip the lines could turn a handsome operating profit—more than \$30,000 per round trip for each jumbo jet—provided that they can come close to filling their cavernous planes on each and every flight. Sabena executives say that their youth fare is bringing in \$22,000 a day. Pan Am has been flying as many as 400 youth-fare passengers a day. But Pan Am officials estimate that up to 50% of them had planned to visit Europe anyhow and merely cashed in higher-priced tickets to take advantage of the new bargains. In any event, the youth fares are likely to hurt the nonskied.

More Cuts Ahead

Even so, the new fares please few in the scheduled-airline business, not even those who favor broad fare reductions. "It's one of the biggest frauds in the industry," said BOAC's Canadian Director John Gorman. "Why should youth travel be subsidized by everyone else?" Indeed, almost everyone else is angry. A pair of sisters, Elizabeth and Suzanne Marie Gallagher, have hit Alitalia with

Cut Rates for the Over-29 Set

TRANSATLANTIC travelers whose passports relegate them to over-29 status can also take their trips for less than standard fare. They must usually sacrifice some mobility, plan well in advance and sort through a bewildering maze of ticket prices. The variety is so great that each passenger in a six-across row of a 707 airliner may have paid a different amount for his ticket. The round-trip New York-London economy fare in peak season is \$555, and the price is just about the same for trips between London and Montreal, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington. Some ways a traveler can get a better deal:

CHARTER FLIGHTS offer the cheapest fares but also involve the most restrictions (although some are frequently ignored). Any nontravel organization at least two years old can charter a plane and sell the seats at cost to members of at least six

months standing. Average tab: \$230. Most members of teachers, lawyers, fraternal or many other organizations qualify, and an ingenious travel agent can usually find some charter flight for almost anyone. Organizations with at least 40 travelers, but less than a full plane-load can reserve space on regularly scheduled airlines for \$277 per seat under a plan called "group affinity fares."

GROUP INCLUSIVE TOURS are 14- to 21-day travel packages put together by airlines and travel agents. The group must include at least 15 people, but these are usually assembled by the packager. The main requirement is that at least \$100 worth of "ground arrangements," such as car rentals or hotels, must be bought along with the air ticket, which itself costs \$305. Two free stopovers are permitted both en route to and on return from the main destination.

EXCURSION FARES are available to anyone who agrees to linger fairly long abroad. The fare for trips lasting 17 to 28 days is \$385; for those of 29 to 45 days, it is \$335. As a rule, a total of five stopovers are permitted on the shorter excursions and a total of three on those of longer duration.

Vacationers can save up to 20% on many of these fares by starting their travels out of the "peak season," which generally covers the summer months. In addition, anyone who does not mind a one-hour stopover in Reykjavik can cross the Atlantic for \$279 on a peak-season 29- to 45-day ticket by flying Icelandair, the only non-IATA airline regularly running between North America and Western Europe. But its jetliners land only in Luxembourg. If the fare is still too steep, the prospective traveler has one final choice: he can try to go to work for an airline, most of which offer employees 90% reductions after six months of work.

If tomorrow is too late...

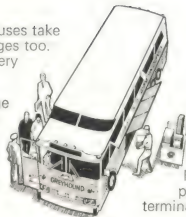
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FOR MOVING A HOUSEHOLD, LEAVE THE MOVING TO GREYHOUND VAN LINES

a \$1.5 million class-action suit, claiming age discrimination in its \$199 youth fare. The radio news staff of the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. has signed a petition to IATA members demanding an end to discriminatory youth fares. Aviation-law experts say that the fares may be discriminatory but are not illegal. They note that a special price is justified because the youth fare constitutes a special class of service; for example, on most lines, youth-fare passengers can get firm reservations only three to seven days in advance. (There may be some awful passenger jams around Labor Day, with all the unreserved young passengers trying to go home at once.)

Clearly, the youth fares are unfair to older people. The U.S. Department of

Transportation wants U.S. and foreign lines either to eliminate the youth fares or extend them to all North Atlantic passengers. The department urges that youth fares be replaced by a more equitable "stand-by" fare. Under it, any customer without a reservation could go to the airport and take his chances on getting a seat. After passengers with reservations were loaded onto a flight, the airline would fill up empty seats with stand-by customers on a first-come, first-served basis—and at a substantial reduction in price.

One of the most radical ideas is to have the 21 scheduled North Atlantic carriers pool some of their flights and arrange departures in sequence, with all passengers flying stand-by. As soon as

one plane was filled, it would take off and another would be rolled out—like a shuttle system. The problem would be in persuading the airlines, many of which are suffused with national pride, to agree. The lines might also whip the overcapacity problem by paring down overscheduled routes, as U.S. lines have attempted on domestic runs. The North Atlantic carriers could well drop some of the 17 to 23 daily flights between New York and London.

The rate situation is still uncertain, but some things seem clear:

► Though some airline chiefs have talked of halting IATA, the organization is here to stay, and all major fare changes will be hammered out through it. For all its faults, IATA is a necessary

Rites of Passage: The Knapsack Nomads

SUMMER in Europe has become a rite of passage for American youth, the Woodstock of the '70s. Young vagabonds have always tripped out to Europe for the warm months, but there is something different about Exoditis 1971. Most of the new wanderers are not highly motivated students seeking culture or well-heeled dollar scions out to raise hell. They are generally the same bunch of kids who would normally have had summer jobs life-guarding at the pool or dispensing hamburgers at MacDonald's. Only this year few summer jobs are available for students. The unemployment rates top 15% for the 16-to-19 age group, and 9.9% for those aged 20 to 24, the highest in seven and ten years, respectively. The youth fares have given students and recent graduates a fresh chance to get away from it all.

The new nomads travel light: a few old pullovers wadded into a knapsack and a few hundred dollars stuffed into their jeans. Many of the girls are unsupported by anything but their male companions. While some of these not-so-innocents abroad may have well-planned itineraries, most are rather aimlessly following crowds of their countrymen in a quest for good vibrations. They are joining millions of footloose European youths, who are wandering far and wide from Hammerfest to Gibraltar—and points even farther out. Whatever their mother tongue, the youngsters manage to communicate. They speak a sort of *Jeunesparanto*, and they share much the same style of dress, penchant for folk music and smoking habits.

"Thousands of my friends are going," observed ponytailed John Segall, 18, as he queued up to get his passport in New York. "No one will be left in the city this summer except the junkies who couldn't rip off enough people to get the bread to go." Said Conrad Young, 23, as his plane circled London's Heathrow Airport for a landing:

"Maybe I'll go to Switzerland. Or maybe Spain. Anyplace with lots of young people. Just follow the crowds."

Old-fashioned hedonism remains an attraction. "I'll roam until my book of traveler's checks gets down to the last leaf," said Viet Nam Veteran Steve Verich of Akron, Ohio, traveling in West Germany. "When I was in the jungle, I vowed that if I ever got out alive, I'd

of an earlier day, they spend little for gifts, souvenirs, meals or lodging. The challenge of "living free," seeing Europe on a shoestring and with a sleeping bag, has elements of reverse snobism that appeal to the professed antimaterialistic instincts of youth. Ken Stephens, 29, of St. Petersburg, Fla., figured in Amsterdam that he can last two months on only \$180. Bill Hyman, 23, said in London that he was getting by on \$3 a day or less. The pinchpenny ethic usually requires sleeping in youth hostels (from 65¢ to little more than \$1 a night), hitchhiking and mooching meals from friendly Europeans. One compromise with comfort, however, is a money saver: a new category of Eurailpass for students 14 to 25 costs only \$125 for two months' unlimited second-class travel and sleeping on trains. All together, 104,000 Eurailpasses were sold in 1970, and travel agents expect sales to rise by 45% this year.

A whole underground lore of overseas moneysaving is being built up by waves of knapsackers. New tips are communicated almost instantaneously through a transnational grapevine. Among recent intelligence reports: sleeping in London's St. James's and Green parks, though normally forbidden by police, is being tolerated this year. University cafeterias in Germany and Switzerland sell rib-sizzling meals for less than a half dollar.

Specialty cheap flights within Europe are offered by the British Student Travel Center and other official youth organizations to full-time high school and college students who have convincing identification. Sample one-way prices: London to Paris \$13.20, London to Leningrad \$48. Belgian railroads give 50% reductions to students. The municipal steam baths of Copenhagen, Stockholm and Oslo charge only \$1 or less for steam bath and swim. Troubled trav-



SHARING QUARTERS IN COPENHAGEN

spend a long time in Europe—drinking the local brand and making it with all the chicks until I got my fill. Then I'd return home to do something constructive. But now my traveler's checks are nearly gone, and I still haven't any notion of what I should do back home, or even who I really am."

Most young Americans abroad share one obsession: getting by on the least amount of money. Unlike the conspicuously consuming adult U.S. tourists

forum for airlines to exchange technical information, and it helps to maintain high safety and service standards. Even the Soviet Union's Aeroflot has lately raised its service standards in hopes of joining the capitalist cartel.

► There is unlikely to be a move toward completely free competition. Such a step would produce a rate war, and foreign government-subsidized lines could make gross reductions, taking huge temporary losses, just to drive the U.S.'s private lines off the North Atlantic.

► Even so, there will be some general rate cuts, spreading to other lines and other age groups. Aeronaves de Mexico, on the "orders" of the Mexican government, has posted a \$150 round-trip fare between five U.S. cities and Mex-

ico City for people under 26 or over 64. That price is half the regular economy fare, and U.S. lines have announced that they will match it. Some long-haul fares within the U.S. may also come down, because it is now cheaper for young people to fly to Europe than to many domestic points (round-trip economy fare is \$308 between New York and San Francisco, \$224 between Boston and Houston).

Lure of Lower Fares

As long-haul fares drift down the world over, the glories of travel will be opened to more and more people. Fewer than 6% of all Americans have ever been abroad, and the airlines would do well to entice many of the remainder

to make the European trip, using the lure of lower fares. There are also uncounted opportunities for attracting many more foreigners to North America. Since the upward revaluations of European currencies last May, the Germans, Belgians, Austrians and Swiss can buy more for less in the U.S. Just under 1,000,000 Europeans visited America last year, and millions more could be tempted to make the trip if fares were generally lower. Some day before long, Portlanders may be complaining of pollution by package tour. Philadelphians may be fleeing their city each summer to avoid the foreign-tourist crush, and Peorians may find their hotels and highways cluttered with hordes of blue-jeaned young Europeans.

elers can get free psychiatric counseling in Amsterdam, free beds through *Infor Jeunes* (a voluntary youth service organization) in Brussels and easy tolerance of hash smoking (but not selling) in most northern European countries. A government-supported radio station in Amsterdam quotes spot prices for incoming hashish: "Morocco, 2.90 guilders per gram; Turkey, 3.40; Nepal, 3.70; Pakistan, 3.15."

An average-sized wad of traveler's checks for a young Eurovisitor—from \$300 to \$500—covers about two months of vagabondage. But not always. The American Express offices in London, Paris and other cities have long lines of youthful destitutes waiting to receive cabled bail-out money from home. Each week many hundreds of suddenly penniless visitors apply to U.S. consulates for help.

Divulsiionment awaits them. "The Government has no obligation to finance the U.S. citizen abroad or to pay his fare home," insists Ralph Cadeaux, chief of special services at the U.S. consulate in London. Some 300 young supplicants call on Cadeaux every week. In bona fide emergencies, he lets them call home from the consulate—collect. In Paris, only the seriously injured, the infirm and those with a hardship story good enough to make strong men weep have any hope of parting the consulate from \$235 for air fare home and a \$40 subsistence allowance. Of the hundreds of hard-luck kids whom consular officials interviewed last year, only eleven passed his truth test. One headache for the U.S. consulate in Rome is youngsters who use their last lira to get to the city's Fiumicino Airport to catch their flight home—but forget about the \$1.60 airport tax.

Young nomads who run into trouble with the law while abroad should not expect much aid. All a U.S. consul can do is help them find a lawyer and notify their parents. At last count there were 747 young Americans in foreign jails, all on charges of possession of and trafficking in drugs. Hirsute amateur capitalists who are caught trying to turn hash into

cash find that penalties are generally harsher abroad than in the U.S.

There is a maximum sentence of death for pushing drugs in Iran, though no Americans have been executed.

One of youth's meccas is Amsterdam, where the populace is particularly tolerant of the hip and hairy. City-funded sleeping projects have been set up in abandoned factories and warehouses, offering foam-rubber mat beds, showers and rock music for 80¢ a night. Copenhagen is another In place. City fathers



SEARCHING FOR DRUGS IN SPAIN

have opened new youth hostels and "youth cities" of cot-filled army tents where boys and girls, not always segregated by sex, can do more together than brush their teeth. At Vendersgade 8 in the middle of town, an advisory center directs new arrivals to cheap beds. Free rock concerts, orchestra recitals and open-air theater performances are held in the city. A municipally published multi-language newspaper for visiting youths, *Use It*, contains the latest on

what to do—and not to do—in Copenhagen. From a recent issue: "Bathing in the port and its canals, as well as in the ancient moats and in public lakes, is forbidden, and anyhow the water is not very tempting."

Eastern Europe is also becoming something of a lodestone. Said a College of New Rochelle coed in Cracow, Poland: "There's always something to worry about—the black market, the secret police, talking too freely. I'd love to see my parents' faces when they get my postcard and realize I'm here." But a taste of Eastern Europe's goulash tourism is often prohibitively expensive, and the Soviets have been known to stretch the charge of "disseminating anti-Soviet propaganda" to cover even travel guides.

The quest for adventure has led quite a few young wanderers out of Europe and into Asia. Incredibly cheap student charter flights leave almost daily from major cities. Typical fares: London to Bangkok for \$185 one way (\$528 regular economy fare) and Rome to Istanbul for \$46 (\$116 economy fare).

In Asia, hitchhiking is generally easy. Chinese, Malay and Indian food at street markets and bazaars is cheap, if not intentionally hazard-free. Visitors sleep in the youth hostels that are springing up across Asia, and sometimes in Sikh temples. In Bali, they gather on the smooth sands of the practically deserted Kuta Beach, and some swim nude. They can stay in modest Bali bungalows for a couple of dollars a day.

If the youth fares spread beyond Europe's shores, many parts of the world will become targets for summer invasion. Expatriation on \$5 a day is becoming as institutionalized as a summer pastime as baseball. "A \$200 round-trip ticket to London lets you be a part-time dropout," said Wayne Biddle, a Cornell teaching assistant, over the Atlantic on a flight to London. "You can go on the bum for a summer and still be back in time for classes. You can live a counterculture life-style and not really mean it at all. It's like they say, 'Scratch a hippie and you'll find a Porsche.'"

THE ECONOMY

What U.S. Producers Are Up Against

President Nixon has long been worried that the U.S. is losing out in world markets because domestic labor costs are inflating so fast and kicking prices up so high. With that in mind, he stretched his usual hands-off approach to private pricing matters just a bit last week and called into the White House leaders of the two sides in the current steel-labor negotiations. He gave them both an innocuous pep talk, urging them to make a settlement that would allow the steel industry to remain at least somewhat competitive in the world. Budget Chief George Shultz assured newsmen that the President "wasn't trying to tell

anese steel (automaking steel sells for an average of \$156 a ton in Japan v. \$200 a ton in the U.S.).

► The Commerce Department predicted that the nation's merchandise trade surplus will fall from \$2.7 billion last year to about \$500 million this year, the lowest since 1937. Reason: imports are rising much faster than exports.

► Partly because the demands of U.S. labor are allowing foreign manufacturers to grab more and more American markets, domestic manufacturers operated their plants at only 73.1% of capacity during the first quarter, an inefficient level that was the lowest since the late 1950s. It is likely that the nation's factories also ran at a slow pace in the second quarter. One indicator: American steel production has fallen nearly 17% in the two months since early May.



JAPANESE-BUILT DATSUNS BEING UNLOADED IN LOS ANGELES
Shooting for a new inflationary target?

them what to settle for." The Administration is resigned to a steel deal that will push up labor costs by at least 10% a year—and give workers in other industries another inflationary target to aim for.

Several key indicators show just how badly these inflationary settlements are hurting the U.S. Items:

► Steel imports in May hit 1,800,000 tons—an amount equal to 16% of the nation's overall steel market. The total was the second highest in history, topped only in August 1968, when customers were also hedging against a strike.

► Sales of imported cars in June surged to a historic high of 149,000, capturing 16.1% of the U.S. market, or well over one-quarter more than a year ago. In the year's first six months, sales of Volkswagens dipped slightly to 289,000, but that decline was more than made up by the incredible rise of Japanese cars. Toyotas rode up 57% to 140,000 cars sold, and Datsuns jumped 136% to 99,000. Japanese cars are selling fast because of high quality and low price, and their manufacturers benefit notably from the relatively moderate cost of Jap-

INDUSTRY G.E.'s Manhattan Transfer

Since 1967, more than 30 major corporations have decided to flee Manhattan for the greener pastures of suburbia (TIME, April 26). The corporate exodus shows no sign of abating. Now General Electric, the fourth biggest U.S. industrial company, has called it quits, at least for most of its top executives and their staffs. The company will move 500 members of its 800-man headquarters staff—including the chairman, the president and many vice presidents—into a new office complex to be built on a 100-acre wooded site in Fairfield, Conn., 55 miles from the horrendous traffic congestion and frazzled nerves that characterize life in Manhattan. The offices, to be completed in 1974, will serve as a sort of corporate think tank, where G.E.'s long-range planners can cogitate amidst chirping birds and croaking frogs.

Company spokesmen are eager to note that G.E. is not "fleeing the city." They prefer to see the move as part of a "long-term evolving plan" for realigning com-

pany facilities. As part of the plan, G.E. will continue to occupy its 50-story office building in midtown Manhattan, turning it into the headquarters for international operations.

WEST GERMANY

Pick Your Hours

German workers have a well-earned reputation for zeal and discipline, but even they hate the time clock. Recognizing that, a growing number of employers, including the national airline Lufthansa, are giving some of their employees freedom to punch in, within broad limits, any time they choose in the morning and punch out when they please in the afternoon, as long as they continue to put in a required number of hours each month.

The system, called *Gleitende Arbeitszeit* (staggered work time) was begun four years ago by the aircraft and electronics firm of Messerschmitt-Bölkow-Blohm, mostly because company bosses saw no other way of breaking the thick traffic tie-ups that developed when all employees tried to arrive at 7 a.m. Staggered hours have since been adopted by some 2,000 other firms, which find that the new freedom pares absenteeism by as much as 20% and actually increases productivity.

Work Credit, Messerschmitt's system is fairly typical. Some 7,000 employees may punch in at any time between 7 a.m. and 8 a.m. and leave between 3:45 p.m. and 6 p.m. They still must put in an average of 42½ hours and work five days a week, but in any month they also have the option of working ten extra hours, building up a credit they can draw on for additional free time the next month, or putting in ten fewer hours and making them up the following month.

Erich Bolzer, a metalworker, says: "If I have enough hours on credit, I sometimes leave at noon, pack my family in my Ford, and visit the Munich shopping centers and bargain counters of the department stores. I figure that I save 15% to 20% in living costs this way." Messerschmitt officials are equally pleased: they find that employees arrange things among themselves so that the flow of work is not hurt.

The way workers choose to exercise their freedom is an intriguing study in psychology. White-collar workers tend to punch in late and work late; factory men usually come early and leave early. The experiment has attracted the attention of the German government, which allows most of the 1,000 employees of the Transport Ministry to arrive and leave within two-hour margins. The Bonn Cabinet will review results and decide whether to extend staggered working hours throughout the government. Unions are paying attention too. They are asking for a 2% raise for workers on staggered hours, arguing that it is justifiable repayment for lower absenteeism and higher productivity.

CINEMA

Failed Comedy,

Vigorous Suspense

"They got Dobermans to rip your arms off. Some of these places got moats." The speaker is Pat Angelo (Alan King), a Mafioso gone straight. Plump and vested, he wants no part in a major crime planned by ex-Con Duke Anderson (Sean Connery). But Duke is persuasive, the take promises to be in the millions, and what the hell, Pat misses the glorious game of cops and robbers. So he gives the green light and the dirty sport begins, with a Fifth Av-

Nor do the comic attempts end there. Sometimes Lumet attempts to send up other movies: a one-sided encounter between Angelo and his paralyzed father is an inept parody of Jack Nicholson's monologue in *Five Easy Pieces*. The film also mercilessly mocks a homosexual antiques dealer, with Martin Balsam, as they say in Hollywood, "cast against the part."

Unfortunately, failed comedy and vigorous suspense are handcuffed together for the entire trip. Angelo and Duke agree to split fifty-fifty. That is a better deal than the one offered the audience.

■ *Stefan Kanfer*

Bug's-Eye View

Not since 2001 has a movie so cannily inverted consciousness and altered audience perception as *The Hellstrom Chronicle*. It is a wry and scaring cautionary tale, whose point is most neatly summed up by the fictional scientist-narrator Dr. Nils Hellstrom: "The insect has the answer because he never asked the question." In scene after remarkable scene, assorted species of insect are shown as unreasoning, unfeeling creatures who will survive the kind of atomic cataclysm that man, with his superior intellect, continues to shape for himself. "The true winner," says Hellstrom, "is the last to finish the race."

As an essay on human fallibility and insect adaptability, *The Hellstrom Chronicle* seems just a little too facile. The pseudo-documentary framework of the film becomes rickety in places, as Hellstrom (Lawrence Pressman) intones a narration more inflated than informative ("The world was created not with the sweetness of love but the violence of rape"). It is rather as a visual experience that the film succeeds so supremely well.

Walon Green, who directed the picture and shot a good portion of the photography as well, used microscopes and extreme slow motion to get awesome footage of mayflies living out their brief lives, of termites inside their intricate mound fashioned from mud and saliva, of a locust plague in Ethiopia, of a single drop of water killing an insect with its impact. Perhaps the most memorable sequence shows African driver ants. These sightless creatures instinctively use their bodies to form a carriage for their obese queen, and defend her by hurling themselves against attackers with suicidal ferocity. The viewer is brought so deeply into all this that after a few minutes the film begins to take on a surprising immediacy. Like all good science fiction, *The Hellstrom Chronicle* suggests an alternate reality, then surrounds you with it, inducing a weird sense of disorientation. Despite the melodramatic Dr. Hellstrom, it is a trip much worth taking.

■ *Jay Cocks*

Georgie Boy

Question: *Who is Harry Kellerman and why is he saying those terrible things about me?*

Answer: Harry Kellerman is the villain of a mystery-comedy. The questioner in the coy, interminable title of this film is Georgie Soloway (Dustin Hoffman). The mystery is why it should be called a comedy.

Hovering miserably around 40, Rock Composer Soloway has a score of gold platters, his picture on the cover of *TIME*, an airplane and a triplex atop Manhattan's General Motors building. But like something is missing. Truth, maybe. Or beauty. Whatever it is, girls start refusing his sack and his own psychiatrist (Jack Warden) muses, "Mr. Soloway, we must not rule out the possibility that you are a bird—a loony bird."

And a familiar one. In *A Thousand*



HOFFMAN HUNG UP IN "KELLERMAN"
Like something is missing.

Clowns. Scenarist Herb Gardner created Murray Burns, the same avian specimen ostentatiously hiding his self-pity in a cloak of jokes. Georgie is a blurred replica of Murray, surrounded by the same narcissistic suffering and arriving at the same lame insights: "Time is not a thief; he's an embezzler, juggling the books at night so you don't notice anything's missing."

Like many rock concerts, *Harry Kellerman* has about 15 minutes of entertainment and hours to kill. Accordingly, Director Ulu Groszshot shot endless footage of the sidewalks of New York City, a view of the city from the air, and Georgie and his shrink schussing downhill in the snow. The pictorial trickery cannot disguise the vapidness of the film.

Now and then a few bits gleam. Hoffman's sluggish nasal metabolism is still amusing if familiar; Barbara Harris has a few moving moments as an auditioning singer with only three good notes; and the late David Burns is the archetypal Jewish father who seems to have sired every writer from Philip Roth to Erich Segal. But that troupe would be funny reading subway signs. Maybe more so.

■ *S.K.*



CONNERY UNHOOKING CANNON IN "TAPES"
The T-men tune in.

enue luxury apartment house as the scene of the heist.

As a caper picture, *The Anderson Tapes* displays a slick criminal shrewdness: its paraphernalia and plans are always chillingly plausible. Had the film restricted itself to its own Riffishdom, it would have remained as airtight as a legit alibi. But Director Sidney Lumet (*The Pawnbroker*, *The Group*), who has never shown a scintilla of genuine wit, aims for nothing less than political satire. Since Duke's parole, it seems, he has had no secrets that the cops do not know instantly. When he consults a black driver who lives above a Panther storefront, Duke's schemes are electronically processed. T-men tune in on his conversations with Angelo; even the apartment of Duke's mistress (Dyan Cannon) is tapped by a jealous lover. As the plans unfurl, the eavesdroppers are heavily lampooned. America, in a supposedly shattering revelation, is shown to be not only a racist society but also a bugged one.

BOOKS

Everyone at His Best

LIVING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE
by Calvin Tomkins. 148 pages. Viking.
\$6.50.

Just before *Tender Is the Night* was published in 1934, Scott Fitzgerald mused to his friend Gerald Murphy, who served as one of the models for Dick Diver: "It has magic. It has magic." It was indeed a seductive book, and a nimbus of equally powerful magic surrounded its author. Though Scott squandered his talent and Zelda went mad, legend still holds firmly that they were enchanted people somehow removed from the dailiness of life.

It may be that the legend springs less from the frantic Fitzgeralds than from Gerald and Sara Murphy, the subjects of this immaculate essay. The first hundred pages of *Tender Is the Night* evoke a world nearly as lyrical as Keats' vision of embalmed darkness and sunburnt mirth, and it was a world palpably created by the Murphys. For nearly a decade, artists of all sorts enjoyed a respite from their messy lives in the company of Gerald and Sara. Picasso, Stravinsky, Hemingway, Cole Porter—all were drawn to the couple before the Fitzgeralds arrived in France.

Both Murphys were from wealthy American merchant families: her father sold ink, his owned the luxury leather store Mark Cross. Neither was quite happy in the usual mold of puritanical work and social aggrandizement. Falling in love was a mutual recognition of aim. "I feel as if we had registered at the office of Civilization a claim to a place in the world and that it had been granted," Gerald wrote his fiancée.

The claim was located in Antibes. The Murphys arrived in France with three toddling children in 1921. Cole Porter introduced them to the Côte d'Azur, then unheard of as a summer resort. Delighted with it, the Murphys purchased a house they named Villa America and cleared a stretch of beach called La Garoupe. Gerald painted huge, careful canvases that are fascinating precursors of Pop art. But both the Murphys were more interested in a life of quality and beauty than in art. "The Divers' day," as Fitzgerald translated it in *Tender Is the Night*, "was spaced like the day of older civilizations to yield the utmost from the materials at hand and give all the transitions their full value."

Sara's flowers and her food were exquisite distillations of the seasonal crops. Gerald's daily attire, bought at a seamen's supply store, became the resort uniform: white duck trousers, striped jersey, the sailor's work cap that Scott called a jockey cap in the novel. What set the Murphys apart was a special, large-minded devotion to each other and to their friends. Dos Passos called the marriage "unshakable—everyone was at his best around the Murphys." Though she was notably candid with them, Sara in particular doted on her friends: "It wasn't parties that made it such a gay time," she said. "There was such af-

matters. Gerald did not really respond to his friend's work. Indeed, it was only on rereading *Tender Is the Night* years later that he recognized that pages and pages of detail had been lifted intact from his life.

Crack-up. Scott's antics exasperated him, once to the point where he banished him from Villa America for three weeks for tossing gold-flecked Venetian wine glasses over the garden wall at a dinner party. When Scott began ostentatiously "studying" the Murphys for his fiction, Sara wrote him: "If you can't take friends largely, and without suspicion, then they are not friends at all. The ability to know what another person feels in a given situation will make—or ruin—lives." But Gerald loved Scott at his best and "the region where his gift came from—when he'd tell you his real thoughts about people and lose himself in defining them."

For a while it looked as if the Murphys' world was truly charmed, but like so many other worlds, it fell apart in the early '30s. Gerald had to take over Mark Cross, which was a million dollars in debt. The Fitzgeralds' crack-up began in earnest: Hemingway began the drift from wife to wife. Then, in a terrible 18 months, both the Murphys' sons died, one of tuberculosis, the other of meningitis.

Gerald lived until 1964. He would have been delighted by Tomkins' book. A marvel of taste and economy, it manages to convey the originality and grace of the Murphys' life. But one suspects that what Gerald would admire most is the 43-page section of pictures, presented as modestly as a family album—no large format, no color, no glossy paper, every expense spared. The simplicity only enhances the subjects: Picasso preening on La Garoupe; Cole Porter mugging on the Piazza San Marco; Hemingway displaying a day's catch; the Murphys' two small sons, looking the picture of health, gazing at the camera from the protection of their parents' arms.

■ Martha Duffy



THE MURPHYS AT A BALL IN PARIS (CIRCA 1922)
Gold-flecked glasses over the garden wall.

fection between everybody. You loved your friends and you wanted to see them every day."

Despite the fact that he knew most of the giants of modern art, Gerald never collected their pictures. He was in some ways very much his merchant father's son. Just as the elder Murphy introduced many apertures of upper-class European life to the U.S., Gerald acquainted his friends in France with such American contrivances as jazz records and waffle irons, portable bathtubs and inflatable rubber horses. Fitzgerald was so awed by Murphy's taste that he thought it must apply to everything and consulted him on literary

Rags and Bones

ADAM RESURRECTED by Yoram Kaniuk,
translated from the Hebrew by Seymour
Simkes. 370 pages. Atheneum. \$8.95.

His name is Adam Stein, and he is a kind of W.C. Fields of the Jews. Once he was Europe's greatest clown, and more than that, a clairvoyant who could tell the history of anybody in the audience from a piece of cloth held in his hand, read whole books through their covers, and even, just by looking into a man's eyes, tell that he had quarreled with his wife the night before. Chatting about a movie, he would automatically register that the hero spoke 4,266 words of dialogue (v. the heroine's 2,437). He was also a swindler, an alcoholic and—well, of course, periodically insane.

Adam, in short, possesses some of the manic gifts that used to be

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associated with divine madness. Like Dostoevsky's Prince Myshkin, he sees only absolutes in a world of ostensible reason. Almost singlehanded, he gives gnarled life to this book, the third novel of Israeli Author Yoram Kaniuk.

Voids and Pressures. A crazy house in the desert—dominated by enormous biblical presences, voids and the threat of war—is perhaps the only place where discussion of Hitlerism and the Jews can be conducted any longer; the grim documentaries have become self-defeating by repetition, the outrage exhausted by its own weight. Appropriately, therefore, *Adam Resurrected* is centered on a flossy insane asylum near the Dead Sea.

Predictably, the source of Adam's madness is the fact of his survival. He was spared the gas chamber at a German camp by Commandant Klein, "who didn't hate Jews any more than the average butcher hates his cows." Adam agrees to calm and amuse the prisoners on their way to the gas chambers. Even when his wife and daughter pass through the line Adam giggles them on, howling to Klein's austere logic that it is better to spare them as much final pain as possible: "Nothing disturbed Commandant Klein as much as the dread that they might die screaming." It is also Klein's fancy to have Adam act like a pet dog, making him crawl around his parlor on all fours and compete with his teeth for bones tossed to Klein's dog Rex.

So much for temporal hell remembered, Stein's present haven is an institute established by an eccentric Cleveland widow persuaded that God was conceived in the desert by prophets who were themselves psychotics. As a fanatic inmate explains: "We were a nation, a nation that betrayed its God. And we paid the highest price possible—we became smoke and ashes." And all those who returned are, in Kaniuk's idiosyncratically mordant view, insane. During the day they live well. They are allowed to work, make money, build houses, enjoy the illusion of progress. But at night they have nightmares and cry. "The insult scorches," the author explains. The knowledge, the final realization that they were "simply raw material in the most advanced factory of Europe, under a sky inhabited by God in exile, this information drives us crazy. Such humiliation! So we have turned this country into the largest insane asylum on earth."

When Stein arrives at the asylum—his latest of several commitments—he turns this antiseptic bedlam into a private club. He harasses the director. He delivers impromptu lectures on the history of the drama. He hides bottles of Beefer, Courvoisier and J&B behind every radiator and makes love to his lush but Germanically efficient nurse.

Stein mocks his fellow inmates' god. "Some hero," he shouts at believers. "In his neighborhood he's the bully, but among the other nations he's hidden in the crowd, scared stiff." Finally, he leads a march into the desert to

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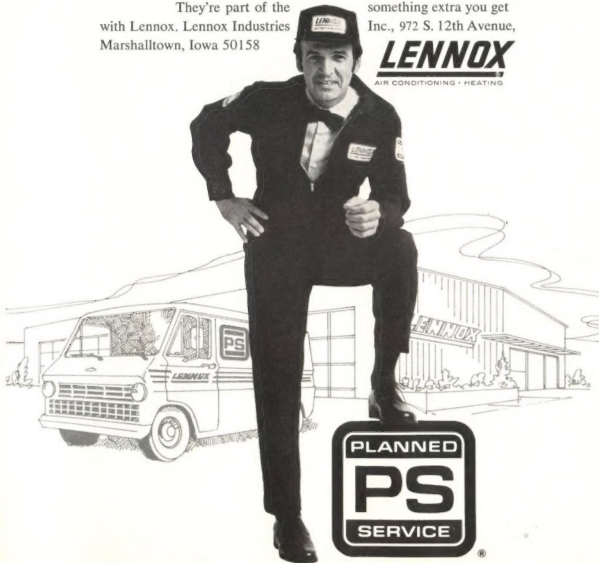
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YORAM KANIUK

W.C. Fields in the desert.

seek God—whom Adam at last imagines to be Commandant Klein—and announces: "We are living in a cemetery. There is nothing to rescue."

Author Kaniuk sometimes floats away in the wash of his own rhetoric. But even his savagely forensic moments are often saved by the self-mocking irony that seems particular to the Jewish consciousness. At the novel's end, Adam is cured—and regrets it. But is he really cured? In a closing quote, taken from Lessing, Kaniuk sounds a motif that illuminates the whole book: "Not all are free who scorn their chains."

Into the Night

A PEEP INTO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY by Christopher Davis. 200 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL by E.L. Doctorow. 303 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

These two novels deal seriously with death in the electric chair. Inevitably they inflict a kind of emotional blackmail on the critical faculty. Legalized killing is a cruel and unusual procedure, so that the condemned, whether guilty or innocent, become miserable victims. Under such circumstances, it takes very little skill to arouse pity and terror in the reader.

Christopher Davis, always a painstaking craftsman (*Ishmael, Lost Summer*), reacts to the situation by underwriting to the point of blandness. His subject is William Kemmler, an ignorant laborer who back in 1889 took a hatchet to his common-law wife when she complained of his sexual inadequacies at the wrong moment.

Guinea Pig. It was emphatically the wrong time for Kemmler, too. Dr. Alphonse David Rockwell was then advancing the notion that electrocution would be a humane method for executing criminals. Thomas Edison and George Westinghouse were noisily dis-

puting the relative merits of direct and alternating current. Kemmler was a convenient guinea pig, and so became the first man ever to be executed by that new scientific wonder, electricity. Calling his hero-victim Rupert Weber to suit his fictional purposes, Davis takes the reader through the last months of Weber's life—his moods and his memories, fears and dreams, and particularly his effect on the prison staff that must deal with him.

Weber is a good character, a laconic man who is, by his lights, both skeptical and ironic. Davis plays him off chiefly against Hannibal Snow, the young prison chaplain, with whom the author is not nearly so successful. Snow is frantic in his efforts to prepare Weber's soul to meet God and increasingly tormented by spiritual doubts of his own. In the end, the condemned man is comforting the minister.

It is a nice turnabout, but sympathizing with Snow's dilemma is difficult. The jacket blurb describes him



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as "Hawthornesque"; and indeed he is an energetic scruple collector. But unlike Hawthorne's eloquent slaves to conscience, Snow is neither articulate nor even very bright, and finally he saps the novel of the considerable drama it might have had.

No such charge can be brought against Doctorow's bravura effort. *The Book of Daniel*, transparently based on the Rosenberg case, is a bold novel that, all things considered, is surprisingly successful. Doctorow's biggest gamble was sinking his energies into the Rosenberg case in the first place. Not that successful fiction cannot spring from old newspapers, as Dostoevsky and Dreiser both demonstrated. But the Rosenberg trial was a kind of drawn-out, draining and rather grisly national ordeal.

Wisely, Doctorow almost completely avoids politics, concentrating on the private disaster. A 40-year-old former editor in a New York book-publishing firm, the author has no connection with the Rosenbergs or their two surviving sons. The question that obsesses him is not what the Rosenbergs did, or did not do, or the legality of their execution, but how it must have felt to

be a member of that doomed family.

His protagonist is 25-year-old Daniel Lewin, whose parents, Paul and Rochelle Isaacson, were executed for treason. He and his younger sister Susan were adopted by the Lewins, kind, intelligent people who raised them quietly and conventionally. But there is no appealing outraged memory. In 1967, when he is supposed to be writing a doctoral dissertation, Daniel is actually compiling a bizarre family history: his parents' ordeal, his blasted childhood, Susan's furious, futile rebellions.

Traumatic Memory. In scene after scene, the crowded past spills into the empty present: his parents' rather fierce love, the trauma of their arrest, the long period when the children were boarded in a public home, stealing newspapers for news of the trial, the final family reunions in the death house. Rochelle is the stronger of the parents, a warm, gallant woman. Paul is a tendentious intellectual "who would never believe that America was not the cafeteria at City College."

There is nothing subtle about the book. Every scene is played for maximum impact, culminating in Daniel's imagined re-creation of the execution: "My father snapped back and forth, cracking like a whip. A hideous smell compounded of burning flesh, excrement and urine filled the death chamber." Occasionally Doctorow overdoes his aggressiveness. There are too many stray references to "volts" and "currents," too many gory inserts about earlier methods of execution. Both detract from the starkness of the tragedy. But these are quibbles. Doctorow has produced a relatively rare commodity: a serious novel on a distasteful subject that succeeds out of energy, conviction and an old-fashioned respect for drama.

• M.D.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Exorcist, Blatty (1 last week)
2. The Other, Tryon (3)
3. The Passions of the Mind, Stone (2)
4. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (5)
5. QB VII, Uris (4)
6. The Drifters, Michener (7)
7. The Bell Jar, Plath (6)
8. The Shadow of the Lynx, Holt
9. On Instructions of My Government, Salinger (10)
10. Penmar, Howatch (8)

NONFICTION

1. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (1)
2. The Female Eunuch, Greer (3)
3. The Sensuous Man, "M" (2)
4. America, Inc., Mintz and Cohen (9)
5. Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago, Bayko (4)
6. The European Discovery of America: The Northern Voyages, Morison (6)
7. Capone, Kohler
8. Stillwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45, Tuchman (8)
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